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PROSPERITY WITH JUSTICE.

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THE "interests" is the name that the American people have come to use in connection with those enterprises, corporate or individual, that lean on the Government for something more than mere government and the administration of justice. More than all other questions, during a period of seven years now, the questions growing out of the existence of such interests—questions especially relating to so-called trusts and the tariff—have occupied the attention of the country. This period is, I think, rightly called "the period of the awakening"; and an inventory of what this period has accomplished should be taken, perhaps, before proceeding with the subject immediately in hand.

When this period began, the great trusts had just gotten well settled in the industrial saddle. One of the prospects held out was that they would be thrown from the saddle. After these seven years, they are more firmly settled than before. Is this not true?

When this period began, it was announced that the existing anti-trust laws were all that was needed to "undo the trusts"; that what was needed was to enforce the law; and prosecutions and promises of prosecution appeared in every quarter and against

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nearly every unusually successful enterprise. Now that seven whole years have gone by, what in that direction has been accomplished? What trust has been dissolved—I mean, effectually dissolved? What violator of the anti-trust law is in prison?

When this period began the cost to the people of the necessities of life had already risen on the average almost, if not quite, thirty-three and one-third per cent. It was popular revolt against this increased cost of living that helped, as much as anything else, to bring on the "awakening." Now that the seven years have gone by, on what single item of our necessities can we lay a finger and say, The cost of *this* has diminished? Has not the cost of living, all along the line, continued to increase?

This period began with a growing sentiment that it was the large corporations, called the trusts, that were the people's enemies; and every man connected with a large corporation was more or less put under the ban. In a little while sentiment added every one connected with any corporation, large or small; so that to have any interest in corporate property, or to take any interest in seeing that corporate property had the protection of the law, was to be entered in the list of the proscribed. But now that the seven years have passed, we see a new President, overwhelmingly elected by the people, calling into his cabinet four or five of the leading corporation lawyers of the country.

During these seven years we have been constantly informed by those in power that something was about to be done to cure the country of its "corporation evil"—that a concrete progressive programme would soon be announced; and here and there the sound of a little tinkering has reached our ears. But what political body has, as yet, so much as *pointed out* just what it *means* by the phrase "corporation evil"; and what actual, substantive thing has been done toward curing the country of this "corporation evil"? The corporate form of holding property and wielding energy is not *per se* an evil. On the contrary, that form of holding property and wielding energy has been indispensable to this age of busy invention transforming the world. The evil of the corporation, when once rightly comprehended, will be found to be, not in the *form*, but in what is allowed to take place *within* the form—will be found to be, not in the fact that nearly all the great enterprises are in the corporate domain, but in the fact that within that great domain, already covering nearly

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one-half the nation's property, license to manipulate is so great and security so lax that through *sheer fear,* fully justified, however, by what they witness, the people at large have abandoned it as a field of enterprise to the few, thus enabling that few, aided by the free hand that the corporation policy of the country gives them, to obtain a grasp on property and on power unexampled anywhere. But what step has been taken to meet this evil—to put the corporation, as a form of holding nearly one-half the nation's property and a medium of wielding more than one-half of the nation's energy, upon foundations that will make the incorporated domain, like the industrial domain that preceded it, and like the domain of the country's farms that lie alongside of it, a domain wherein the people at large may not only earn their bread by work, but may satisfy an equally insistent human hunger—the hunger of every man, that what he does shall *tell,* not alone in the means of greater personal comfort, but also in a greater personal importance among his fellow men and a greater stake in his country's property achievements.

Almost every hour during the latter portion of this seven years we have heard that the tariff was too high; and from every quarter of the country, and from leading men attached to both of the political parties, the promise has come that the tariff would be revised. A "revised" tariff we now have. In everything that men, women and children put on their backs for clothing the revised tariff leaves us to choose, it is said by competent authorities, either to wear poorer garments or to pay more for them. In everything they put on their hands as gloves, or upon their feet as shoes or hosiery, the revision, the same authorities tell us, is either upward or unchanged. And in nearly all those things that go into the homes as furniture, and that go to make up the cost of buildings or tenements, on the basis of which the rents are calculated, the revision has brought little or no relief. Verily, then, in the matter of *practical results*—those results that enter into the life and happiness of each one of us as individuals; and in the matter also of some concrete corporate policy for the future, national and State, that will give a start to a movement toward *repeoplizing* the country's property possessions—after wandering about in the wilderness for seven long years, we have *come out,* save for the awakening itself, and for the better ideals in current life that it has inspired, al-

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most precisely where we *went in*. The period has been one of sentiment chiefly—very little that is constructive having yet been done to put into the framework of our laws and institutions anything permanent that will keep alive the spirit of the sentiment and carry it forward into the nation's future. True, to the credit of this period, as instances of more or less constructive work, must be set down the "Hepburn Act," a very lame advance in the regulation of the relations of the railroads to the people; the "Pure-Food" law, bigger in its title probably than in any real efficacy; the conservation of forest and mineral lands, and the irrigation laws, real helps to the people; and the employer's liability Act, a very great and very humane advance on the common law. But aside from these (and when the main object is brought into view, these will appear as side lines) the period has been one of "awakening" and of little else—very little that is *constructive* having yet been done to put into the *framework of our law and institutions* anything permanent that will keep alive the purpose of the awakening and carry it forward into the nation's future. Is this not true?

The central figure of this period was President Roosevelt. There are those blind enough to the faults of this remarkable man to see in him a greater than Lincoln; and those blind enough to his virtues not to see in him the extraordinary insight that gave to him, as to Lincoln, his leadership among men. But no one saw more clearly than Mr. Roosevelt that his administration had accomplished little in the actual work of *reframing the laws* to carry out its spirit—no one saw more clearly than he that his work was chiefly that of the preacher of righteousness.

To his successor—wholly selected by himself—was left the constructive work that was expected to be done. Roosevelt had summoned the people; had impanelled them as a great jury before whom to frame and to whom to submit, one after another, the constructive proposals that would carry out the purpose of the awakening. The proposals themselves he left to be framed and submitted by his successor. *And upon that understanding his successor was so overwhelmingly elected.*

The first of these proposals, in the supposed series of progressive proposals, was tariff revision. That proposal was distinctly framed in the Convention that nominated Taft. It was submitted by him pointedly to the jury of the people. The verdict

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returned was for a revision—not a make-believe, but a real revision; and nothing remained after that but to put the verdict into judgment at the special session of Congress. Whether the verdict has been put into judgment, or whether it was set aside—Senator Aldrich wielding the real authority of the party in power, the President satisfied with a concession here and there around the edges—will be determined speedily, not by what the President *says,* but by what experience *shows* the tariff beneficiaries can do under cover of the so-called "revision." And if experience shows that this, the first promise of the new administration, has been broken—then what? Is it not time, in that event, to inquire *where we are?* To the element now in control of the Republican party nothing seems to appeal but "prosperity"— the whole emphasis placed, not upon how such prosperity shall be *shared,* but upon its *gross bulk*—and the Democratic party is divided between those who are more or less in open alliance with this way of looking at things and those who are allied with the so-called Republican insurgents. Is not the time at hand to run a frontier in politics that will really divide and define—a division fence, on one side of which can be harmoniously brought together all those who, working as earnestly as any one for prosperity, insist upon a prosperity that is founded upon Justice among men?

Prosperity with Justice!—What do I mean by that? I shall try to answer the question. But to answer it adequately the tariff as it is to-day, and the corporation as it is to-day, must be lifted out of the list of merely economic questions and placed, where they belong, among the questions of *fundamental human rights.* And leading up to that answer, let me recur to some fundamental human rights that have been universally accepted.

The first of these is the one pushed home upon the public mind by Lincoln in his debates with Douglas—the right of every man to the bread earned in the sweat of his face. The loaf may not be as large as the other man's loaf, for the capacity exercised in earning it may not be as great as the other man's capacity; but the loaf, *when earned,* whether it be large or small, is *his,* and to lay a finger upon it, or diminish it after it has been earned, except for the legitimate purposes of society, is to invade a fundamental human right.

The second of these is the right of every man to what he can develop out of his own mind and his own soul — freedom in

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thought and freedom in religion—a right that the world, as a body, owes to each one of its inhabitants as an individual. And no matter how little one has made of himself, who can rightfully call upon him to deliver up the little he has, or suffer it to be diminished in favor of some one else, even though to give it up or suffer diminution would "make society stronger" as an organized body?

The third of these elemental rights is the right of every man, in this country at least, to share equally with all other men access to the ballot—the right of every man to make the most of his individual will in the development of the country's will. And though he realize that his voice may not influence votes as some men's voices influence votes, or that his vote may not gather about it votes as some men's votes attract other votes—in other words, that his vote is only the ordinary vote—who can come between him and the ballot, taking away any part of this right, without evoking the righteous fight that every man, in defence of a right, is ready to put up?

These are accepted elemental human rights. That one of them should not be invaded, the country at one time accepted the alternative of civil war. But are these the *confines* of human rights? When men can carry home, untouched by others, the bread earned in the sweat of their face; when men have been left an open field to build up their own mind and soul development; when men are left to exercise, undiminished, their voice in the nation's expression of will, has the limit of their rights been reached and passed? Is there not something more that belongs to the man simply because he is a man; something in addition to the meals and shelter that his hands have won; something in addition to a free intellectual and religious atmosphere; something in addition to the share given him in the control of government? Out of old mother earth, and the natural forces that dwell in and envelop her, the civilized races have woven the garment of material civilization. Into that garment every man who has ever contributed to the world an idea, or to the labor of the world an ounce of effort, has woven at least a thread or two. Has the man, as a man, no claim upon that garment—no right that, to the extent of his contribution, it shall clothe him and his, as well as others, against what is the lot of men to whom material civilization, such as this, has never come? Has he no right, as

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a man, and simply because he is a man, to his legitimate individual share in that mighty fabric called "property" that every race of men, from the lowest to the highest, have striven for—an institution among men that, as distinctively as religious or intellectual freedom and extended suffrage, marks the higher from the lower races of men?

The difficulty is not in answering this question. Every enlightened mind and heart will answer it instantly in the affirmative. The difficulty is in the practical application of the answer to present-day questions. How is this *human right* involved in the tariff question? How involved in the corporation problem? Why are the tariff (as it is to-day) and the corporation (as it exists to-day) matters not merely of economics, but matters of deep fundamental human right? That is what the public mind has not fully grasped. That is what the public mind must first fully grasp before it can set out in the right direction, and in the right spirit, toward putting the awakening into some practical framework of law that will carry out its spirit.

The American miner, who brings to the mint what he has sifted from the stream or dug out of the mountain, gets back in coined gold just what he brought, less cost of coinage. That is his right under the law. The Government does not furnish him with bullion; that his own effort only can furnish. But the Government coins it for him; coins it into something that is lasting; coins it and gives it back, *undiminished by any diversion to any one else;* coins it, too, without a grain of counterfeit or swindle injected for the benefit of any one else.

Property is individual prosperity coined—the year's gatherings, over and above its costs and wastes, coined into something more lasting than the mere gatherings—something that will itself go to work for the further prosperity of its possessor. And while, as in the case of the miner bringing his bullion to the mint, the Government cannot furnish the individual with energy, nor superior skill, nor with directions in what places and from what sources he can obtain returns, the Government has the power to see to it, and it is the duty of government to see to it, that the corporate, as well as other, form of holding property—the mint through which individual prosperity is to be coined into individual property—is not left to the manipulation of men who, if they held the mints in their control, would be returning pewter

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coin for the gold bullion; and to see to it also that no part of the individual's prosperity, *on its way to the mint,* disappear in unjust levies made upon it in favor of others. And any failure of government, especially when by design, to meet this conception of property and the individual's relation to its acquirement, is a denial of an elemental *human right*—just as much so, in any republican form of government that expects to live, as would be a designed failure to protect freedom of individual thought; designed failure to protect the individual's access to the ballot; or designed failure to protect the man on his way home with his loaf in his basket.

Now, consider in this connection the tariff—first, the *right* of the individual to *all* that he has honestly taken out of the streams of enterprise, and then his right to have what he has thus taken *coined into property.* Senator Dolliver, who has been connected with tariff legislation for twenty years, has given us some figures, according to which the people have been paying, in increased prices upon goods covered by the tariff, twenty-one hundred million dollars annually, of which but three hundred million, *or one dollar in seven,* have gone into the treasury of the United States; or to state it more concretely, of every seven dollars paid as the *increased price,* say, of a moderate suit of clothing, six dollars go into the treasuries, not of the Government, but of the tariff-helped private enterprises. Of course if the eighteen hundred millions—this six dollars in seven—is labor cost in this country, over and above labor cost in foreign countries, of tariff-covered products, the matter becomes a different question. But is this huge sum eaten up in increased labor cost? The question, as Mr. Taft told us in the campaign, is a question of fact. It is not a very difficult question of fact. Courts deal with equally difficult questions of fact every day. Why are we not given *the facts?* Why has not Mr. Taft, who says it to be a question of fact, made public the facts? And if the facts, when disclosed, would show that nearly all of this huge levy went into the pockets of the captains, what saves it from being a letter of marque, issued by government to the tariff-protected interests, to seize the man on his way home with his loaf, taking away not only a part of the loaf, but also a substantial part of his year's prosperity, over and above the loaf, that but for this, under just conditions, would be coined by him into something more lasting than the loaf.

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Consider in this connection, also, our existing corporation policy. The most common error in our politics is that the corporate domain is something *necessarily* alien to the people—something that, in the nature of things, must always be dealt with as an enemy. On the contrary, the incorporated domain rests almost entirely upon financial means coming, not from the "interests," but from the people at large—the money of the people invested in its bonds and deposited in the banks from which the capital that organizes and runs corporations is largely borrowed. The people are the financial springs; the interests are reservoirs only, fed by the streams that have their sources in every village and city bank to which the laborer brings his savings and the farmer his surplus. Indeed, what the great corporations have been able to do is just what the people of the country have enabled them to do—*the great motor wheels that furnish the corporate domain with nearly all its financial power being turned by the streams of money deposits and bond investments that arise from the energies, and are embodied in the savings, of the people at large.*

While the corporation in the abstract, then, is a form only of holding property—a medium through which capital and energy, devoted to certain ends, are wielded—concretely the corporate domain rests upon and embodies the wealth and energy of the people. Now, what is it that sets this domain apart, as something entirely different from the agricultural domain—something different from all other forms of holding property and wielding energy? What is it that keeps the people at large from taking up this incorporated domain as they have taken up the landed domain, not merely in the way of furnishing the financial sinews, but also of coming individually into touch with the rewards of modern enterprises? What is it that in these later times has brought about the *growing separation* between the *original sources* of cumulative capital and its ultimate beneficiaries—a fact that can alone account for the growth of our banking power at the rate of over five hundred per cent. during the past twenty years, while the population of the country has grown less than fifty per cent. — except the fact that under our present corporate policy license to manipulate things in that domain is so great and security so lax, that through sheer fear, fully justified, however, by what they witness, the people at large have

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abandoned it as a field of enterprise to the few? And what is such a corporation policy (all considerations that are merely accessory being laid aside) but *a sheer denial* to men that what they do with their brains and hands shall be allowed to *tell,* not alone in the means of greater personal comfort, but also in a greater personal importance among their fellow men, and a greater stake in their country's property achievements; and not alone in a portion only of the country's property achievements, but in *all* its achievements, including the incorporated domain?

Apart from its effect on prices merely as prices, the tariff, then, is a question of *human right,* and an unjust tariff an invasion of the right of every man to have as his own what he has earned. And apart from its effect upon the conditions of mere livelihood, the so-called corporation problem is a problem also of *human right*—the right of every man to participate on equal terms of security, practical as well as theoretical, in every legitimate field of enterprise. The two rights are twin rights; the two wrongs twin wrongs. And whether this Government of ours, the first example in history of Government where great national power goes hand in hand with the fullest enjoyment of individual human right, shall remain such examples or not depends on whether we stand ready, even now, to vindicate these twin human rights against the growing encroachments of the twin national wrongs.

Mr. Taft promises that the commission of tariff experts, provided by the recent tariff act to aid him in adjusting the maximum and minimum rates, shall be employed also in getting together data for a better tariff *next time.* The trouble with this promise is that it is the only thing that has been saved out of an otherwise utterly wrecked promise—simply a promise that next time the promise will not be broken.

On the other hand, the recent Saratoga conference of Democrats calls for a tariff "for revenue" only. Such a programme, honestly framed in a tariff bill, might dry up many of the streams out of which the enterprises of America are sifting our prosperity, individual and national. That would be bad statesmanship. Such a proposal would recall to the public mind the panic of 1893. That would be bad politics. Good statesmanship, it seems to me, and good politics, too, would be better subserved by a tariff, the protective features of which were strictly adjusted

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to the differences between the cost of labor and material here and their cost abroad, *honestly ascertained.* In that way the man would be sure of his loaf; would be secure in his right to keep his loaf untouched by others; and would have, undiminished by others, what was left over of his year's prosperity to be coined into something that would work for his further prosperity. But the difference is one of *fact, to be honestly ascertained.*

Mr. Taft has secured a tax on the earnings of enterprises that have had themselves incorporated. However good as a revenue measure, this act has no relation to a corporation policy so reconstructed that the corporation of the future will become the medium through which men can realize their instinct to have what they individually contribute, from year to year, *tell,* in an advancing individual share, in what the country is achieving from year to year.

Mr. Taft proposes changes in the Interstate Commerce law, including an interstate commerce court that will facilitate the execution of the law. Many of these changes, particularly the feature of an interstate commerce court, was urged upon President Roosevelt and his cabinet, including Mr. Taft, when the Hepburn Act was under consideration, and was by them rejected. They are as good now, however, as they were then. But however good for the purposes named, none of them bear any relation to a corporation policy so reconstructed that the corporation of the future will become the medium through which men can realize their instinct to have what they individually contribute, from year to year, *tell,* in an advancing individual share, in what the country is achieving from year to year.

Mr. Taft proposes supervision by the Interstate Commerce Commission of the *amount* of securities issued by railroads. That is in the direction of the kind of corporation I have been urging, to the extent that it goes. But *alone,* it will do little. The *character,* as well as the amount, of the securities to be issued, their arrangements and interrelation, the simplicity of the structure, a forbidding hand on the declaration of dividends not earned —these and other features are indispensable to the corporation that is to furnish the medium through which men can realize their instinct to have what they individually contribute, from year to year, *tell,* in an advancing individual share, in what the country is achieving from year to year. Mr. Taft stops where he does

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because the realization of the human right that I am trying to set forth is no part of the purpose he has in view—he stops where he does because, as a matter of *mere economics,* it is of no consequence that the corporation of the future be a medium through which men can realize their right to have their year's prosperity coined into individual property.

And then, beyond even the corporation that would be efficacious as a medium through which men who bring, in the form of *money saved,* their year's prosperity to be coined into individual property, there lies a potentiality never yet touched upon in political discussion, even remotely—a potentiality, in the corporate form of holding property, through which the success of enterprise may be more equitably distributed, not alone to those who furnish the constructive thought or the money capital, but to those as well who furnish the service, without which the constructive thought and money capital would be generals without soldiers; and not in the form of bounties and Christmas presents, but in the form of a real proprietary co-partnership in the success of enterprise.

The means for gradually bringing this about are manifold. As Mr. Taft said, however, in his Des Moines speech about another subject, they must be made to cautiously "feel" their way to the accomplishment. One means, worth thinking about, might be the employment of an alternative in inheritance taxes. When Mr. Marshall Field died, leaving his vast estate, barring one noble bequest, to his lineal heirs, my regret, and I believe that of many others, was, not that he had not left more to libraries, colleges, hospitals, museums and the like, but that he had not divided a portion of the estate *in the way of some permanent property interest among those whose services had helped him make it.* No distinctive class of men and women in this country is so large, no class more faithful, no class suffers greater hardship from present conditions, and no class is so completely overlooked by statesmen and politicians alike, as the men and women who are working on small or moderate salaries. An inheritance tax puts a part of the success of enterprise into the public treasuries. By an alternative provision, instead of going into the public treasuries, such part might be distributed—more equitably, it seems to me—among those who, in services, had contributed to the success. And once the idea took hold, that it is one of the functions of the corporate form of holding property, as our home-

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stead and pre-emption laws made it one of the functions of the Government's ownership of the landed domain, not to *concentrate,* but to *distribute* the ownership of the ever-growing corporate success of the country, other means will readily be found. Indeed, the work at the present time, in this field of corporate reform, is to put upon its feet *the right idea*—to switch the public mind from the conception that there is no middle course between *concentration* in corporate ownership and outright *communism,* to the far nobler conception of a proprietary co-partnership in corporate success, broad enough, and on foundations secure enough, to include all whose services contribute to the success —a conception for the future that, accepting as inevitable the spirit of justice that underlies the dream of the socialist, harmonizes that spirit with a truth equally inevitable, namely, that as the material civilization that the world knows now was built upon the free play of individual capacity, it can continue, if it continues at all, only in an atmosphere in which the free play of individual capacity is given the fullest liberty and encouragement.

The question now, as in 1854 (when the Missouri Compromise was repealed) and the years immediately following, is one of *human right.* It was the institution of human slavery on American soil that at that time was the wrong that had become intolerable; and the right of every man, white or black, to eat the bread earned in the sweat of his face, the human right that would no longer keep down. To bring together those who would be responsible no longer for the wrong, and would be silent no longer about the right, the young Republican party was born.

Our present tariff policy, and our present corporation policy, twin wrongs feeding upon twin human rights, are fast becoming institutions, and as such are fast becoming intolerable. What political organization will take up the cause of this new attack on human rights? What political organization, coming forward as the young Republican party came forward in the generation preceding us, will stand for the man in the common walks of life, our brothers in blood and race, as the young Republican party stood for those who were our brothers only in the larger family of mankind? For one, I am ready to give to that organization my humble aid. If that aid can be better exerted within any existing party, as such party is now constituted, I am

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ready to go along with it. If to give that aid effectively, I must cast aside political connections in which I have spent a good part of my life, I am ready to do that. My father, at the beginning of his maturity, that he might be on the right side of the great human cause involved in the slavery question, left the party into which he had been born. Both of my grandfathers, in the same cause, left the party in which they had grown old. I can, if necessary, follow their example. All that I wish to know—all that an awakened public mind will wish to know—will be that at last we have associated with a movement that is in earnest.

Let no one think that the world is going to stand still. Let no one fear that the material civilization with which the human family has equipped itself, chiefly in the last two generations, and from which our prosperity in the mass comes, is going to stand still. But *the relation of the individual to this prosperity in the mass* cannot, on the other hand, be made to remain what it is to-day. As Mr. Bryan said, in his speech at the Association of Commerce dinner October last, the real problem "is the adjustment of the rewards of society. That problem is not of to-day, or yesterday, or to-morrow; it is a problem that has existed since man's race began and will exist while time endures. Upon the settlement of that problem aright depends the future of mankind."

That problem is now upon us—a nation founded upon the ideal of an equitable adjustment of the rewards of society—as it never was before. The relation of the individual to prosperity in the mass cannot, I repeat, remain what it is to-day. Either individualism will broaden until, including every class, it comes in touch again with every interest—property interests as well as political and moral interests—or it will disappear, reappearing ultimately in a form of civilization of which we have nothing except men's dreams. And whether it be the one or the other depends on *how soon* those who believe in the world in general as it is to-day, as against a world of dream and experimentation, are ready to turn to *individual human right* as the compass to guide them.

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MACAULAY FIFTY YEARS AFTER.

BY WILLIAM R. THAYER.

I.

FORTUNATE in all the main issues of his career, Macaulay has been further blessed in his biographer. A generation has passed since his nephew, Mr. Trevelyan, published the "Life and Letters,"* and it is evident now that this deserves to rank, after Boswell's "Johnson," as the best literary biography in English. It is at once intimate and judicious, sympathetic and candid. It has neither the unanimated stretches of Lockhart's "Scott," nor the damning indiscretions and treacheries of Froude's "Carlyle."

Mr. Trevelyan keeps the happy mean between biography and quotation: he does not heap so much of his own upon us as to make us suspect that he and not Macaulay is the hero; nor does he skimp his narrative until it appears like the thin line of mortar that holds the courses of a brick wall together. His extracts are always long enough to be representative, and never so short as to be insignificant. We wish that he would print two or three volumes of his uncle's diaries and correspondence; for surely enough time has elapsed to warrant his doing so without risk of impropriety.

II.

But we are concerned with Macaulay himself, and not with his admirable biographer. The immediate causes of his sudden and imperial success are patent. He wrote a style until then unknown in English literature,—a style marked by force, by vividness, by marvellous coherence. He never hesitated. If he had doubts, he did not reveal them. He possessed courage, both moral and in-

* "The Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay." By his Nephew, the Right Hon. George Otto Trevelyan, Bart. Enlarged and Complete Edition, including Macaulay's Marginal Notes. Two volumes. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1909.

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tellectual. By temperament and conviction an optimist, he had the rare good luck to flourish at a time when the Western world, just freeing itself from feudal trammels, and just beginning to profit by modern invention, put an unlimited trust in progress. Enthusiasts, many of whom were counted among the sober minds of their generation, believed that the evils which had preyed upon mankind since creation's dawn could be cured or abolished by act of parliament. Astronomy and Geology were opening horizonless vistas of Space and Time, and as man perceived that he was no longer the citizen of a tiny planet, but of the universe, his sense of importance rose accordingly. No future seemed too glorious for him.

How far Macaulay was consciously moulded by these nascent ideas matters little: their influence permeates every page he wrote. He had no taste for metaphysics. The sad tangle of the world, which alternately allures and baffles whoever thinks deeply upon it and rejects the specious compromises of the creed of the hour, hardly existed for him. After the fashion of the optimist, what he saw he saw so clearly that it did not suggest complexity. Sure of the goal, he did not allow the badness of the road thither to trouble him. He lived by the primary intuitions and emotions, by the elemental rules of right and wrong. A large, kindly nature, very tender in its relations to family and friends, served him as a touchstone by which to test experience.

So in the Essays he dazzled all readers by his brilliance, and he confirmed many of them by his common-sense conclusions, which gave them back their own views in a magnifying mirror. The average Englishman, who distrusts ideas as if each were an infernal machine in disguise, delighted not less in Macaulay's intensely clear pictures, which nobody could mistake, than in his statements, which nobody could misconstrue. Add to these extraordinary qualities the wealth of his information, enriched by a fructifying knowledge of Greek, Latin and modern literatures, and by an almost boundless acquaintance with post-Elizabethan English history, and then reflect that he imparted his erudition, not pedantically, but as a matter of course,—naturally, lavishly, joyously, as Moguls bestow jewels or the spring her blossoms,—and you have the causes of his immediate and overwhelming success. Into myriads of families which enjoyed but scanty means of culture, he brought tidings of the culture of all the ages. He

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made the personages of poetry and fiction as real as the characters of history; and history he made as entrancing as fiction. But he not only delighted—he taught. He became Sir Oracle to multitudes. One of the exactions of modern life is that we are all expected to possess opinions, although not one person in twenty is capable of forming them: now Macaulay furnished opinions—definite, cogent, aggressive opinions—for those who could quote, but not form them. The rapid expansion of popular education created for him a public to be reckoned literally by millions, and the improved methods of distribution enabled him to reach the most remote of his readers.

Macaulay's sturdy Englishism also gave him a special hold upon his countrymen. The spirit of race was strong within him. The great passages in his writings might almost be regarded as strophes in a pæan to Britannia. Let him denounce the corruption of the Stuarts; let him, in a memorable allusion to the society of George the Fourth's court, satirize British cant; let him expose the embezzlement of British satraps: still, the burden of his message was the superiority of England, the underlying nobleness and love of virtue in English character. He might separate Englishmen into sheep and goats—Whigs and Tories—if he would; and yet the very Tories whom he scathed knew that as between them and foreigners he preferred them, for they were Englishmen. So all could join in admiring Macaulay the panegyrist of England and of Englishmen, however they might, as Tories or Puseyites, Puritans or Quakers, resent his attack on their special tenets.

Nor did his race patriotism offend foreigners. The Continentals read him hungrily, because what he said in praise of England bore witness to the redemptive virtues of Freedom and Constitutionalism and Nationality for which they yearned. During the forties and fifties of the last century the voice of England was the voice of hope to the oppressed populations of Italy, Hungary and Poland, to the despot-ridden subjects of Spain and Austria, to German Liberals and to French Republicans. Macaulay, above all other British writers then living, carried this message of England far and wide.

Optimism, clear doctrines which chimed with the prevailing ideas of liberty and progress, vivacity, a genius for the pictorial, a level head and wholesome heart—even these endowments would

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hardly have availed without his amazing style. It was as if in a world in which the highest type of horse had hitherto been the lumbering carter, there suddenly appeared, between one day and another, a racer, swift and trim and beautiful. For sixty years English writers of serious literature had either deliberately imitated Dr. Johnson or they had unconsciously been influenced by him. The most authoritative of the essayists who held the field when Macaulay entered it had been bred in the post-Johnsonian tradition. And yet, although so evidently original, his style lent itself to imitation. The publicists, the reviewers, the leader-writers of the next fifty years strove to reproduce it: E. P. Whipple, the American critic, could ventriloquize Macaulay by the page; and even to-day in the columns of the London "Times" and of the British weeklies you still catch his echoes. His great service was to clarify, once for all, the language of affairs. His style was not less truly a labor-saving device than was the steam printing-press or the sewing-machine or the McCormick reaper.

III.

After Macaulay died in 1859, the new generation eyed him at first with distrust and then with hostility. Immense popularity among the fathers usually breeds aversion among the sons. Satiety is the natural sequel of a devouring passion. But the revulsion from Macaulay was general, not personal to him, and it simply included him as the most conspicuous representative of the epoch on which the new generation was turning its back.

Those very various ideas, which, for convenience' sake, we label "Romanticism," were being repudiated by what I may call the epoch of Realism. This Realism, based on Science and guided by the theory of Evolution, set itself with feverish zeal to study, explore, appraise and reformulate the cosmos. It sought for natural laws as eagerly as in mediæval times men looked for supernatural signs and wonders: and the eye of Reason beheld everywhere the reign of law as inevitably as the eye of Superstition had earlier seen only miracles, special providences or the interposition of saints and the mischief of fiends or demons. The evolutionist was more concerned with the series than with the special example. Carlyle had rhapsodized heroes; the new Realists glorified the study of races and institutions. Macaulay was twenty-four when in 1824 he published his essay on Milton;

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Mr. James Bryce was twenty-four when in 1862 he published his treatise on "The Holy Roman Empire." Between the one date and the other, though by the almanac there were less than twoscore years, centuries had flowed. The Individual withered and the World grew more and more.

Among the intoxications which accompanied the scientific enthusiasm was the belief that Man himself—heart and mind, will and spirit—could be analyzed with the minutest precision; that in his case, as in that of the material world, demonstrated facts would drive out opinions; that infallible law would be traceable even in matters of taste; that motives, manifested through conduct, would be as transparent as a chemist's reaction, literary criticism would become an exact science and history merely the study of applied social dynamics.

The realization of this roseate vision would relieve posterity of every incertitude. No one need ask whether Raphael's "Transfiguration" were superior to Tintoret's "Crucifixion"; you would simply turn to a compendium of æsthetics in which, as in a table of logarithms, you would find the scientific formula for each. Every new poet, novelist and historian would be promptly analyzed and rated, as in a commercial directory. There would be only one history of each event, one biography of each personage, because historical writing would be a branch of science, and, when all the materials were known and tabulated, it would be as foolish to expect two different interpretations of the same subject as to think that five times four can ever be more or less than twenty.

To a generation which thus nourished itself on the expectation of establishing absolute law in human affairs Macaulay seemed not only unprofitable, but a stumbling-block: for his admirable qualities, which the Realists spurned, might, by still holding the unthinking under the spell of Romanticism, retard the spread of the new truths. That generation asked impatiently for more proofs and more of Evolution, and if not proofs, at least for hints and side-lights: but Macaulay had as little to say on Evolution as Gibbon, or Tacitus, or Thucydides had said. Macaulay lauded progress and smiled optimistically on the diffusion of material well-being: the men of the sixties had begun to perceive that Industrialism, which created this apparent improvement, would lead, if unchecked, to hideous inequalities, and differ in name but not in essence from earlier forms of servitude. Macaulay's

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dominant interest was political; the new generation was burrowing into economics and sociology to discover the forces behind politics which control society. Macaulay extolled Freedom: some at least among the new generation were beginning to whisper that Freedom had not made good, and that the perpetuation of the privileged classes might be desirable, after all, if only because it so beautifully confirmed the doctrine of the survival of the fittest. Evidently Macaulay was out of joint with many devotees of science, who were pursuing their new revelation with earnest hopefulness: and he satisfied just as little the few deeper minds who already understood that Evolution was a method, but not a key, and that it left the riddle of the universe unsolved.

IV.

In literary criticism also fashions had changed. Objectivity was now the ideal. Matthew Arnold, whose splendid service to British letters the Englishmen who owed him most have been the least willing to acknowledge, was producing essays of a kind new to the British public—that public which had been taught by the quarterlies to regard criticism as an unequal prize-fight in which the critic, posing as champion of the ring, invariably knocked out his adversary, the author. The British love of fair play, which was alleged to extend even to the most brutal sports, did not include the literary reviewers: but criticism of this cock-pit, or rat-and-terrier variety has become obsolete in almost all English journals except the "Saturday Review." Incapable of forming new thoughts or of feeling new sensations, much less of adjusting himself to new conditions, the Tory reverts perforce to the brutish instincts of his ancestors. Macaulay, indeed, dealt hard blows; and occasionally he mistook his personal prejudices for high moral indignation: but he was never unsportsmanlike. For the Objective Critics his chief sin was his subjectivity. They held him up as an awful example, and Arnold, in his desire to spread his own Gospel of Culture, was perhaps too ready to brand Macaulay as an ill-disguised Philistine.

But no one knew better than Macaulay himself his limitations as a critic. In 1838 he wrote very frankly to Napier, who had asked him for an essay on Scott:

"Hazlitt used to say of himself, 'I am nothing if not critical.' The case with me is directly the reverse. I have a strong and

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acute enjoyment of works of the imagination, but I have never habituated myself to dissect them. Perhaps I enjoy them the more keenly for that very reason. Such works as Lessing's 'Laocoön,' such passages as the criticism on *Hamlet* in 'Wilhelm Meister,' fill me with wonder and despair."*

A critic who never dissected his emotions, who, in fact, avoided doing so in order not to spoil the spontaneity of his enjoyment, could have no message for the new school which had chosen analysis for its vocation.

Macaulay's medium of expression was rhetoric, but rhetoric in its noblest sense. Although his temperament inclined him to the emphatic, he took for his model Thucydides, who seems to us now so sober. He avowedly used every device legitimate to heightened prose; he sought consciously for effects, which are the rhetorician's short cuts to gain and hold his reader's interest. No man ever came nearer than he to realizing what he aspired to. Lord Acton, who felt an unconquerable repugnance for Macaulay's defects, yet confessed: "He remains for me one of the greatest of all writers and masters." "The Essays," he says elsewhere, "are only pleasant reading, and a key to half the prejudices of our age. It is the History (with one or two speeches) that is wonderful. . . . Read him, therefore, to find out how it comes that the most unsympathetic of critics can think him very nearly the greatest of English writers."†

Since Macaulay's time English prose has turned to the colloquial on one hand and to preciosity on the other: until to-day half our writers in their struggle to be natural affect a conversational tone, while the other half roll on the floor in a Flaubertian search for the elusive smart phrase and the startling adjective. The former forget that what is natural to speech may not be natural to writing—for the way to the mind through the eye is not the same as that through the ear; while the literary virtuosi, envious and emulous of Stevenson's success in using verbal aniline dyes, are far gone in artificiality. Only the other day one of them, who is hailed as a critic by the victims of this infatuation, described Stendhal as a "seductive spiller of souls"!

To both these parties Macaulay's style seems unnatural: to the Colloquialists as being too oratorical; to the Aniline Dyers

* "Life," II, 15.

† "Letters of Lord Acton to Mary Gladstone." 1904. Pp. 326, 285.

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because it lacks the preciosity they adore. Yet he certainly did not neglect decoration. He delighted in drawing pageants, and no one has excelled him in reproducing vividly all that the eye could see at such a spectacle as the trial of Warren Hastings. But his adjectives have nothing finical or precious about them. His colors are mostly primary: you will search his pages in vain for the mauves and magentas which are the cynosure of one season and the eyesore of all the rest. If his diction misses those more delicate modulations which, once heard by the mind's ear, haunt the memory forever, remember that, though the violins be supreme among instruments, the flutes and bassoons and cornets are also indispensable to a full orchestra. Many passages of Macaulay, when read aloud, have the resonant quality of martial music, and the taste which is not stirred by that is defective or partial. And yet at times—as where he describes the relief of Londonderry—he can attain to an epic simplicity.

V.

The fiercest war, however, was waged round Macaulay as a historian. The ideal of objectivity was in the ascendant. Its devotees supposed that the methods of scientific investigation could convert history into a science. By sterilizing their material of any human qualities which interfered with exact and passionless statements, and by eliminating the personal equation in the case of the student, they hoped to achieve their aim. In due time there sprang up the Dump School of Historians, who, under the cloak of science, indulged man's natural propensity to sloth; it was so much easier to dump everything into the book and to force the reader to make what he could of it than to select, arrange and clarify the material before publishing! The Germans, with their defective sense of form and their appetite for documentary cuds, naturally cried up this method. But the English have always clung to the belief that history should be human and literary, so that, despite some noteworthy efforts, the Dump School did not perpetrate their worst excesses in Great Britain. There and elsewhere, however, a good many zealots professed to believe that history was merely a science to be eternally divorced from literature; for it was, they asserted, the effort to make history good literature which turned it into bad history. I have heard Carl Schurz recall, with that tone of smileless sarcasm which stood

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him in place of humor, how, when Mommsen's "History of Rome" came out the German professors shook their heads and declared that it was too interesting to be true; one hears similar criticism to-day of Signor Ferrero's work: and doubtless every historian who succeeds in revitalizing the Past, or in approaching the Past from a new angle, will be received with similar suspicion from the official wardens of the orthodoxy of the moment.

The quarrel between the "literary" and the "scientific" historians seems to have simmered down to a quibble over words. Every historical student worthy of the name employs the scientific method in collecting and sifting his material; every historical writer, the instant he begins to write, must be governed, whether he will or not, by the law of literary expression, and in proportion to his gifts and training his book will have literary quality. He can no more fool us into accepting a muddled style as a proof of impartiality than into believing that stammering is a guarantee of veracity. The records of every science teach that there is something besides erudition, something besides taking pains, something besides the will to be just: that something, which differentiates the master from the many, and can be neither analyzed nor communicated, is natural aptitude.

The contention that history must be quarantined from literature is now held either by those who cannot write or by doctrinaires who cling to their formulas after experience has proved them false. The question was revived a few years ago when Professor Bury, in his inaugural address at Cambridge University, reminded his hearers that "history is not a branch of literature," and warned them against "transgressing the province of facts." Upon which Mr. John Morley, in a passage acute, humorous and conclusive, which deserves to become classic, exposed the fallacy of the Regius Professor.

"Perhaps some of Professor Bury's more *youthful listeners,*" says Morley, "with the presumption of their years, may have asked themselves whether the historian is to present all the facts of his period or his subject; if not, whether he will not be forced to select; if he must select, then how can he do it, how can he group, how can he fix the relations of facts to one another, how weigh their comparative importance without some sort of guiding principle, conception or preconception?" After showing why history can never be a science, Mr. Morley was cruel enough to

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add that Professor Bury himself is a doctrinaire in his preaching only: in his practice he writes, and evidently he takes great pains to write, as attractively as he can: and consequently his historical books have the damning quality, doubtless due to the devil of literature, of being readable.*

The historian must *interpret!* That is the pivot of the controversy. Fifty years ago the historians whom the scientific furor bore onward to new tasks honestly supposed that they must (and could) avoid interpretation as a deadly sin. They strove loyally to state and state and state—and nothing more. Yet we see now that they also were interpreters. Freeman, Stubbs, Creighton, Gardiner, in England; Treitschke, Von Sybel, Mommsen, in Germany; Taine, in France; and their followers everywhere have left interpretations, more or less intentional, but quickly recognizable, of certain historic episodes. Even Parkman,—who dogmatized so little over methods, but wrote with such unfailing clearness and poise,—who had, moreover, a theme purged of incitements to prejudice,—Parkman, too, was a consummate interpreter.

With perfect consistency, therefore, the innovators of fifty years ago turned away from Macaulay, who, in addition to being a painter and a special pleader, was so frankly an interpreter. They deserted him, and yet they owed to his splendid example the incentive which upheld them in much of their work. For, as so wary a critic as Leslie Stephen has pointed out, it was Macaulay's tireless labors in research which in large measure set up a new standard of diligence: it was Macaulay who, though they knew it not, stimulated subsequent investigators; until now, as Stephen remarks, "they read enough, but instead of giving us the results, they tumble out the accumulated mass of materials upon our devoted heads, till they make us long for a fire in the State Paper Office."†

The pernicious practice, which originated in Germany, of printing doctors' dissertations, has probably done more than anything else to debase historical composition. Every year hundreds of young men who had no aptitude for writing,—whatever their talent for research,—were encouraged to believe that their products deserved to be perpetuated in book form. Imagine the uni-

* John Morley: "Miscellanies." Vol. IV, 232–4.
† L. Stephen: "Hours in a Library." 1904. Vol. III, 260–1.

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versal derision that would have exploded if scores of musical compositions, by novices who knew neither counterpoint nor harmony, had been poured annually from the press!

The heresy which they zealously spread, that they alone were the true guides to historical writing, did still more harm. But the heresies of erudition are at last outworn. To-day the one thing that stands out with perfect distinctness is that historiography includes as many departments as the profession of the law, which offers scope for the advocate not less than for the judge, for the cross-examiner not less than for the referee, for the jurisprudent familiar with theories and principles not less than for the attorney resourceful in practice. We should see the absurdity if it were proposed to make the capacity and work of the conveyancer's clerk the highest limit of the legal profession. Yet this has come to be accepted in some quarters as the goal of students of history. The hunting up of documents, the exploring of sources, the comparison of references are as indispensable in historical study as in conveyancing—and they require just about as high a grade of intelligence. To allow our young probationers in history to suppose that this is all, is as wrong as it would be to tell students of philology that a doctor's dissertation on prosody could be equivalent to "Christabel" or could supplant "Adonais."

It is because Macaulay can serve as a corrective of some of these exaggerations that a return to him may be recommended. In power to absorb every item connected with his vast subject no German has surpassed him; and having absorbed, Macaulay remains master of his material. So in historical composition,—in the art of variety, of omission, of accent and of perspective,—he will be the teacher of many a coming generation. Judged by whatever standard, he is a master of narrative. Compare, for instance, his history, chapter by chapter or episode by episode, with Von Sybel's and observe how, while Macaulay carries you swiftly and surely along, as on the current of a mighty river, Von Sybel leads you floundering up to the armpits, and sometimes head under, through a boundless morass. There is no danger that Macaulay will divert students from the solid methods of research; but there is great hope that he can reveal to them some of the essentials to be found in every history which has risen above the bog level.

History, in its higher ranges, is infinitely more than a puzzle

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for specialists. It should be the peer, at least, of the noblest fiction and drama, since its very substance is not the imaginary, but the real motives, passions and deeds of men and women. It should endeavor to recover from the Past a fragment of life, and to represent that fragment not as dead, but living. Absolute calling back to life can never be achieved: so there are many grades of historians, beginning with those who state with mechanical correctness the external Fact, and rising to those who unfold the drama of the Inner Life, the play and counterplay of personality, the clash of ideas through concrete acts, the bewildering strokes of fortune, the meaning or the mystery of it all. Most men regard the Present as commonplace; we need not be surprised, therefore, if many who essay history reconstruct the Past also as commonplace, or if they reject as unreal what is the deepest reality of more highly organized natures. To the mollusk, the passionate possibilities of man must be unthinkable. Of the consummate historian it will be said, as we say of Shakespeare: he attains the highest truth by dwelling in the heart and not on the surface.

Now Macaulay abounds in life. He visualizes, he hears, he feels the Past. Among the hundreds of persons who come and go in his pages there is not a single fossil, no spectral apology for human beings, no abstraction. The great plot, as he conceives it, moves forward with the sweep of a Roman Imperator's triumph. Mere life — the vigor of life — abundant and exulting life—the vital dynamics which drive men and nations on—have never been celebrated more robustly by historian than by him. This is a quality which we can hardly value too highly. His analogue in painting is Rubens, from whose inexhaustible brush multitudes of forms swarmed into being. You may wish to deduct something from his genius because of his overfondness for carmines and ambers; you may feel a little annoyed when you discover that among all his scores of women, whether Pagan goddesses or Christian Madonnas,—nymphs, naiads, Furies,—Magdalens or martyrs, it is nearly always the second Mrs. Rubens who returns your gaze: you may crave repose, or more simplicity, or a subtler interpretation, or many other qualities which Rubens had not to give; but you cannot withhold from him admiration for his superb vitality. What a relief it is to pass to his acre of canvases at Munich or to his hundred yards of Medici memorabilia

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in the Louvre, after you have looked at some of the modern extravaganzas, with their pitiful, pallid, neurotic faces, their anæmic bodies and their hingeless anatomies. Since vitality is either feeble or extinct in nine historical works out of ten, budding historians should be urged to see what it is like in Macaulay.

VI.

The achievement on which Macaulay's displacers most prided themselves was impartiality. They firmly believed that they were the first to attain that ideal. They stimulated, we may almost say they created, the study of history at the English universities. Freeman and Stubbs, Creighton and Gardiner, long stood as the Quadrilateral that every British historical student must conquer. But now that the novelty has worn off, now that "every schoolboy" is trained in the methods which appealed like a new religion to them, the revolution they promoted seems far less radical than they supposed. The qualities they possessed would, if welded into one, fall short by several cubits of Gibbon's stature. I read Freeman, not because he is "scientific," but because he is pugnacious, and because it amuses me to watch him build up a card house of conjectures and then to hear him say, with the gravity of a magician, "This is the absolute truth—no deception!" Stubbs's constitutional work is monumental, but it does not come within the pale of narrative history and is to be judged by the standards of treatises on law or government. His purely historical essays reek with Anglican bias. Gardiner's sixteen volumes look down at you from their shelf: how often do you look into them? Their excellence nobody questions. The specialist for a long time to come will consult them at one point or another; but it is inconceivable that henceforth anybody will read those sixteen volumes through, except on a wager. Posterity will, perhaps, say of the industrious, the learned, the painfully scrupulous, Gardiner's history what Dr. Johnson said of a very different sort of writing, "I would rather praise it than read it."

We assume too readily that impartiality among historians is a modern monopoly. It is neither modern nor ancient, but the characteristic of certain individuals: and there are cases where historians, writing frankly as partisans, enable us to come nearer the truth than those who, in their effort to simulate impartiality, leave nothing for us but the dry bones of their subject. Better

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he who at least hints that the Past had flesh and blood, passions and emotions, though he may not draw these accurately, than he who has never suspected that the Past was once Present. Most historians do not consciously set out to conform to any arbitrary body of opinions unless like Creighton and Stubbs they hold bishoprics, which conditions their views on ecclesiastical matters from the outset, or like Theodore Martin and Von Sybel, who are chosen to apotheosize respectively Prince Albert and the Hohenzollerns. But, after all, no man can get outside of his temperament, and until historians cease to be men they will betray their temperaments through their works. Partiality, prejudice, yes, even downright malice, do little harm, because they are easily detected. But we should miss much if we could not see the past through such different lenses as Michelet's and Carlyle's temperaments. Sarpi's personal equation never misleads; nor does Machiavelli's, nor Tacitus's. And in the most important historical work in English of recent years—John Morley's "Life of Gladstone"—although Mr. Morley states his opponents' acts and doctrines with sympathetic fairness he never lets us doubt as to his own.

VII.

I said that Macaulay's dominant interest was political; but it needs to be understood that he took "political" in the broadest sense. He was almost a pioneer in weaving into the history of diplomatic and party development a wonderfully vivid description of social conditions. History, as written by him, is a drama in which the plot is known and the *dramatis personæ* are cast for well-defined parts, which they play with brilliance and precision. They resemble the personages of Racine and Corneille rather than those of Shakespeare: they are types rather than individuals. In literature and in painting and in sculpture there are two distinct classes of artists: those who draw the type from which you are to deduce the individual and those who draw the individual from whom you infer the type. The Gallic genius and the Latins in general tend toward the former; the English and the Germans toward the latter. If I suggest that Macaulay's delineation seems Gallic rather than English, I would not press the distinction too far, for there would rise up immediately more than one actor in the "History" whom he has finely individualized.

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Having brought his troupe on the stage, he unfolds his drama with such an unhesitating progress that you might suspect that he had Providence for a collaborator. One move leads infallibly to the next: there is nothing superfluous, nothing unaccounted for. Macaulay leaves you with a sense of amplitude even where he has been concise. He entertains you with a panoramic wealth of details, but never allows you to grope for the plot. When you close his book and ponder over it, it is as if you had been watching a Roman legion on the march. The sun flashes from the helmets and shields and spears of the cohorts as they wind like a huge and gem-scaled serpent over the plain. Now they are hidden by a wood; now they emerge into the open, and the sunbeams gild their sinuous line, which throbs as if every stride were a pulse. Here they glide into a walled town and are lost except for a casual sparkle or the beat of a distant drum; but anon they flash again into view and begin to curve along the mountain-side or to coil round a fortressed crag. And so on and on, the embodiment of disciplined, tireless force, of agile, elastic force, with rhythmic sweep and gleaming form and with an indefectible purpose.

Perhaps the most adverse criticism to be made on Macaulay's history is that it seems too *prepared.* He has selected his evidence so skilfully and set it forth with such lucidity that we miss that admixture of surprise, or chance, or mystery which we see every day in human affairs. Under his management the restoration of Charles II and the Revolution of 1688 seem to be so many set pieces which Fate displays in a series of moving pictures. No doubt Cause and Effect compose the warp and woof of every fabric in Time's loom; but only an all-seeing observer could trace any single event through the trillion strands of its causation. What we shall do to-morrow, not less than what the rulers and cabinets of the world shall decree, must be bound indissolubly by a fatal bond to to-day, to yesterday and to the remotest past. Yet, in spite of the certitude of this iron sequence, we cannot foresee what the night may bring forth. "The unexpected happens." This ignorance makes us free-willists in fact, though we be fatalists in logic. We cannot help assuming that we live in a present which is plastic, freighted with endless possibilities, offering generous scope for our choice. Hence life, and history, which is the register of collective

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life, does not produce on us the effect of something stencilled or run off by machinery. Although we seldom reason it out, we subconsciously assume that we might have chosen the other course. So in studying the past we must always bear in mind that to contemporaries what happened seemed inevitable only after it had happened. There were a thousand chances to one against Booth's killing Lincoln; but the one chance prevailed, and in the subsequent development of the United States those 999 chances have counted for nothing. This IF it is—the symbol of our ignorance—the witness also of Fortune—the token of freedom to choose (illusory, if you will)—this it is that we instinctively expect to find at least adumbrated in detailed historical description.

And here Macaulay falls below Carlyle, who had the keenest eye for discerning those apparent trifles which may be, nevertheless, the loaded dice of Destiny. Recall how, in describing the flight to Varennes, Carlyle brings Drouet, the choleric postmaster, into the foreground—Drouet who thinks he has seen the King's face somewhere; then suspects that the stout gentleman in the berlin is indeed Louis XVI; convinces himself by a glance at an assignat; and then gallops off through the night to alarm the patriots at Varennes and to alter the course of history. If the arrest of the royal fugitives was due to Drouet's chance recognition, we have here an illustration of the incalculable importance of trifles which the historian of insight soon learns are, potentially, in historic evolution what the physician knows bacilli to be in disease. Carlyle's treatment of such events gives us history written from within. Carlyle, who was almost obsessed by the mystery of our human lot, saw life as tragedy; Macaulay saw it as drama. For Carlyle passion, for Macaulay action, is supreme. The perfect historian will have in perfect balance the masterful talents of each.

VIII.

His immense reading gives to Macaulay one of his valid charms. His work, though English in essence, has that aura of cosmopolitanism which nothing save intimacy with the best of all times and countries can bestow. This atmosphere has almost vanished from critical and historical writings. "The world began this morning" seems to be the motto blazoned over every literary workshop. The critical journals would persuade us that nothing but

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fiction counts. The short-story writer is discussed, puffed, glorified and paid fabulous sums. So the Dutch, in the throes of their tulip mania, lavished fortunes on freak varieties.

The chief harm that this deluge of fiction does is in hiding the permanent elements of literature. A freshet has no past—it tumbled just now out of the clouds. So neither the novelists nor their mannikins disclose acquaintance with other standards save those of the moment. They look neither before nor after; they are intrinsically villagers. Even Mr. Henry James seems never to have explored the dark ages before Balzac began to produce fiction. The Elizabethan dramatists read everything they could lay their hands on—and educated men and women are still reading their plays. Can we suppose that posterity three hundred years hence will puzzle itself over "The Golden Bowl"? Will it not doubt, as we do, the credentials of men who propose to describe human life and yet know only so much of it as their own looking-glass shows them? But Macaulay is saturated with the past, and whether you accept his opinions or not, he gives you the satisfaction, the more intense because it is now so rare, of world contacts wherever you open his pages. No amount of psychologizing in commonplace craniums can do that!

IX.

I would not exaggerate the contrast between Macaulay's well-defined, close-knit body of opinions and the Pragmatist confusion in which we are weltering to-day; but that contrast will strike middle-aged readers who go back to him after a long interval. Living amid a shower of fads, we cannot guess whether any of them will solidify into a philosophy. He has standards derived from the culture of past civilizations. We are urged to believe that we date from this morning. He was a link in that chain of continuity which stretches back to Athens and Jerusalem. He believed in the primal virtues—in courage, in uprightness, in truth; he revered the family as the irreducible social unit. Our rebels not only doubt, but deny these fundamentals, and set up the gratification of appetites as the end of human existence. Merely as an antidote to much of the confused, febrile, anarchic opinions and emotions which honeycomb our life Macaulay should be read. Untainted by introspection, he may serve as a remedy for morbidness, the blight of those moderns who have not yet flung themselves body and soul into the pit.

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His service is not merely negative, for it implies that there is stored up in him a large volume of unexhausted force. Only brutes and anarchists spurn experience. Civilized men no more throw over moral and intellectual ballast, which has steadied the keel of progress for generations, than they revert from clothes to nakedness. Progress can come only when the New, which we accept, is better than the Old which we discard. But how can we prove this unless we know the Old? In Art and Literature, as well as in Philosophy, Religion and Social Life, multitudes are clutching frantically at every novelty; but it by no means follows that because the Old has grown tedious or intolerable the latest brand of the New should be preferred to it.

So far as he goes, Macaulay bears witness to principles that not only his own time, but a long tradition, regarded as permanent. He was the last British writer in whom that tradition can be seen unblurred. Carlyle you find already seething with radical ideas. Newman, when he was not a casuist,—now intentional, now self-deluding,—relapsed into theological atavism: you get from him neither the antique nor the modern, but the mediæval, that point of view which always denotes arrested development, when it is embraced as final by a modern. Arnold, classical in form, had already passed into the shadow of the Great Doubt which made the Pessimist in him predominate over the Stoic. Macaulay was too surely an optimist to need to fall back on Stoicism; in other respects he was the most Roman of British writers. The intellectual and moral traditions which flourished in him were native among the best Augustans; his writings, especially the History, are the most Roman of all modern productions. It has the massiveness and pomp and solidity, the architectonic mastery, the directness and virility of those buildings which, when we come upon their ruins to-day,—it may be a single arch or a fragment of brick wall,—conjure up for us in Italy or in Spain or in Africa "the grandeur that was Rome." That genius is not subtle and intimate and beautiful like the Greek; it is intellectual rather than spiritual, moral rather than religious: but it is one of the supreme manifestations of human faculty, and being that, it can never lose its significance. Macaulay is its modern spokesman not because he strove to imitate the master Romans, but because he had a genius akin to theirs.

WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER.

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SPAIN'S COMMERCIAL AWAKENING.

BY FREDERIC COURTLAND PENFIELD.

PRIOR to the Spanish-American war it would have been as much of an anomaly to write of Spain as a commercial and industrial land as to seriously describe Switzerland as a maritime Power. But an industrious and prosperous Spain is a twentieth-century fact, paradoxical as the statement may appear.

Eleven short years ago, Spaniards believed that the glory of their country had passed forever with the transfer to Uncle Sam's flag and to independent sovereignty of her few remaining colonies. Not every Spaniard had known his king's name even, but every one of them was aware that for centuries half the world had been governed from the motherland south of the Pyrenees.

And these people, reared with a scant regard for industry, and inordinately proud, believed in 1898 that the future held for them only the fate of sinking to a degraded unimportance—that Spain, as an isolated state of Europe, could not hope to be more than a second Portugal. Sagacious financiers of Europe were inclined to look upon the Iberian Peninsula as a country of which the bankruptcy was only a matter of a few years. An unsuccessful foreign war, the loss of her island possessions, the destruction of all that was of value in the Spanish navy, and seething discontent at home were the factors which preceded King Alfonso's accession. No monarch since Franz Josef succeeded to the Hapsburg throne ever came to power under such unfavorable circumstances. The blow to the pride of Spain caused by the loss of her colonial empire had furnished an arm for Carlism to attack and irritate the *régime*.

It would savor of inhumanity to argue that war can bring blessings; but the proverb of the cloud with the silver lining has time and again been proven true. Never was there armed strife be-

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tween nations so devoid of hatred and enmity, probably, as the war between the United States and Spain. And no American can hear now of the splendid recuperation of the once unhappy kingdom without a feeling of profound satisfaction.

A prosperous country, built upon frugality and the development of energy and of the resources of the soil, is a golden fact —a Spain of enviable commercial credit is already reared upon the ruins of the nation that for centuries existed upon shadowy romance and worship of departed grandeur. And the new Spain, whose motive-force springs not from the windmills of dreamy fiction, but from honest toil, is materially better off this year than it has been in generations.

Since the war Spanish bonds have practically doubled in value, and exchange with foreign money-markets has improved in corresponding ratio; Spanish seaports on the Atlantic and Mediterranean teem with shipping; the soil is yielding a satisfactory bounty; rich deposits of minerals are being uncovered, and, all in all, the contracted Spain is more prosperous than was the nation that had to meet yearly deficits in Cuba and in the Philippines.

Deprived of every oversea territory save a few valueless possessions in northern Africa, and the Canary Islands—and the people of this tiny group are agitating for independence or autonomy—Spain can now expect nothing but from her own resources.

At every point of the country the soil is being improved and abandoned cultivation resumed. Sizable regions of Galicia and Estremadura, desert land until recently, are now rich with crops. Carts are seen on the slopes of Old Castile, and open furrows created at great expense with rich fertilizers are giving forth generous products; and where the traveller formerly knew only sterile solitudes he sees fields of grain and prosperous farms.

In the south, stock-raising, the principal resource of Andalusia, has taken immense strides, and during a recent three-days' fair at Seville there were sold 55,000 head of cattle. Emigration has decreased to two or three thousand souls annually. What is best of all, and thereby promises much for the country's good, is the wide-spread determination for personal betterment through systematic toil. Indeed, the nature of the people seems changing from a *dolce far niente* indolence to enterprise and thrift. Thus the Spaniard is fast living down the *mañana* curse with which he

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used to be twitted. In time the habit of work should elevate from the peasantry a *bourgeois* class, like that of France. Spain's prosperity then would be secure.

The expansion of existing industries and the creation of new ones have, of course, had a vital influence in bringing about these changes for the better. The number of workmen in the mines of Biscay has increased from 7,000 to 13,000 in six years, augmenting in like proportion the annual commerce of the port of Bilbao. New mines are being opened everywhere, for the land is rich in minerals of many kinds, and their extraction gives employment to much foreign and home capital.

Spain has labored so valiantly and with such ardor that her credit is now a matter of national pride. Just previous to the American war foreign exchange stood at a discount of 60 per cent. In 1900 it had improved to 27 per cent., and it is now almost at a parity. This proves the country's remarkable recovery.

The Spanish people harbor no hatred toward Americans. Naturally, there are many homes where loved ones lost in the war are still mourned; but nowhere in the land, from the Basque Provinces southward to the Mediterranean, does the tourist discover any dislike of the sons and daughters of the Great Republic. Undoubtedly more Spanish homes were stricken with grief in the years of futile effort to quell revolutions in Cuba and the Philippines, before humane duty compelled America to be the instrument for severing forever from Spanish rule the peoples of Porto Rico, of Cuba, and of the straggling archipelago of the Philippines. In outspoken Catalonia Americans are distinctly popular, and the people of Barcelona, Saragossa, and other trading towns blame Madrid's statesmen and self-sufficient officials for the fiasco of the war. Travelling Americans fearing incivility in the Peninsula promptly discover the lack of foundation for their apprehension.

However strange it may seem to think of Spain as a trading nation, that is to-day the best description of her. It used to be shouted from the political rostrum that, while the United States had caused the Stars and Stripes to float over the Philippines, American trade was not going to follow the flag to the islands; that, language and sympathies in the archipelago being Spanish, so would their commerce remain. And, whenever there was native resistance to American arms, it used to be said with a

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tinge of plausibility that Uncle Sam could never control the Filipinos, could never hope even to command their trade, and that apart from supplies for governmental works the imports of the archipelago would remain preponderatingly Spanish.

Specious argument was this, for the Treaty of Paris granted only ten years for trade upon the footing enjoyed by Spain when she was the sovereign of the group. The statesmen taking upon themselves the task of moulding the new Spain were painfully cognizant of the fact that the days of Spain's trade in her former possessions were numbered, that it was destined to dwindle to the two articles that will probably always be exchanged—the importation of Philippine tobacco and the sending to the islands of a very moderate quantity of wine. And this is what Spanish-Philippine trade now is.

The tariff act which received President Taft's approval on the 5th of August last swept away all customs duties between the States and the Philippines in either direction: meaning the exclusion of all insular imports save those of descriptions not supplied by the United States, which of necessity must be obtained from other countries. Since the enactment of the new law American merchants have been moving promptly in the direction of securing the benefits open to their bidding, and various important interests have arranged for representation in the cities and large towns of the island group. New York houses expect to do a large business there in cotton goods, and later to build up a trade of reasonable magnitude in other lines.

Foreseeing that the door was to be closed against their country's trade, leaders of Spanish opinion and affairs years since set on foot a programme calling for new and augmented markets for the products of Spain. And where could they be found?

Neighboring states in Europe could never be induced to adopt Spanish wines in competition with their own. Portugal, it was known, was worse than bankrupt because fickle fashion had decreed against the wines of Oporto and Madeira. France, producing three times as much wine as Spain, had an unshakable control of the trade, while Italy's annual product of 53,000,000 hectolitres was advantageously marketed. Spain's yearly product is 21,000,000 hectolitres.

Where then could handicapped Spain discover consumers for her surplus products, to which all of southern Europe, the Phil-

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ippines, Cuba and Porto Rico were practically closed? A scrutiny of the map of the world showed that Central and South America must be Spain's future field, lands wrested long ago from Spanish political rule. In these countries she would have the advantage of a common language and inherited taste, and it was known that the United States was too busy with domestic trade to make any serious attempt to secure their trade.

Being in no position to wait or temporize, Spain at once set out determinedly to capture the business, and is securing it in a measure surprising, no doubt, even to those who advocated the effort. The propaganda obviously had its conception in the minds of the brainy men sent by the Spanish Crown to the Paris Conference, and it is the first article of faith of the statesmen, headed by the astute Premier Maura, who are laboring in concert with Alfonso XIII for Spain's advancement. And with the sales of her wines and other products of the soil in South America there has arisen a general trade that is placing Spain upon a footing of enviable solvency.

It is no secret that Spain is selling our southern neighbors many goods that logically should be supplied by ourselves. Of course we cannot compete at present in purveying wines and olives. But it is the ironical fact that with the staples of the peninsula there goes to Latin America by the subsidized steamship lines much general merchandise that should be supplied by the United States. It is surely anomalous for the people of Argentina and Uruguay to wear textiles woven from American cotton in Spanish mills, or for Mexico to purchase dried fruits from oversea Spain when neighboring California might readily meet the demand.

The trade of Spain with Cuba used to be considerable. In the year of the Spanish-American war the home country sent goods to Cuba having a value of $28,000,000, and imported from the island goods valued at $23,700,000. The imports now from the Cuban republic have dwindled in value to $224,000, while the exports to Cuba—chiefly wine—have a value of about $12,000,000 yearly. Commerce with Porto Rico has fallen to a low ebb. In 1897 Spain sent the island goods valued at $6,625,000, but now Porto Rico pays her only $600,000 a year for merchandise.

The story of Spain's loss of the Philippines as a customer is a sad one, for in the year of the Spanish-American war the value

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of commodities sent to the archipelago was about $16,000,000, while last year it was but slightly in excess of $2,000,000. This is the darkest page in Spain's commercial annals.

The markets in South America came neither automatically nor easily. It required tactful cultivation of amity to secure a foothold; but this gained, the volume of commerce has grown rapidly.

The countries washed by the River Plate are giving Spain a lucrative trade, which probably will grow into a permanency. The line of steamers operating under a subvention, whose terminus is Buenos Ayres, is facilitating Spain's campaign throughout a vast section of South America. Last year Spain sold Argentina goods to the value of $11,000,000—textiles of cotton, wine, and lead—and took in exchange cereals and tallow of a value of $7,000,000. As a proof of the rapidity with which the great republic of the Plate has become the commercial ally of Alfonso's country, it has only to be known that in 1905 Argentina bought Spanish goods to the extent of $6,000,000, while in 1907 the value bounded to practically $10,000,000.

All possible energy has been directed to conquering the markets of Uruguay, and this has been attended by a measure of success almost unbelievable. By 1905 the trade had reached $9,000,000. A year later it had expanded to $12,200,000, and in the not distant future Spain hopes to be selling Uruguay nearly $20,000,000 worth of products yearly. Last year Paraguay bought $2,200,000 worth of Spanish wines and manufactured cottons, in exchange for hides and skins invoiced at less than $1,200,000.

And so it goes with Latin America; Spain has made of every state a customer for her products, and the aggregate benefit is very important. Mexico has become a large consumer of Spanish goods, chiefly crude and manufactured iron, wine and cotton textiles. Last year, out of a trade with Mexico of more than $6,000,000, President Diaz's country paid ninety per cent. of the score in cash.

And as Spanish traffic with Cuba wanes, the loss is more than made up by Mexico's increasing consumption of Spanish merchandise. Nothing more expressive can be cited than this increase of commerce with the Mexican republic. Colombia is paying Spain a handsome cash balance each year, Chile figures as a debtor country, and the Republic of the Isthmus contributes its mite to

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regenerated Spain. Portuguese in language, and never too friendly with Spain, vast Brazil sells $2,400,000 worth of coffee to the people of Spain, and neglects buying anything of importance from them.

The statistics of the value and movement of Spain's foreign trade in the year prior to the Spanish-American war, and of twelve years later, are interesting. They are as follows:

Imports.	Exports.
1896—$135,549,725	1896—$160,191,262
1908— 161,330,462	1908— 161,036,689

Scrutinized without special thought of the transition taking place in the Spanish kingdom, these figures could not be used advantageously to illustrate national progress, for on their face they signify a condition more stable before the collision with American arms than at the present time. But when read with the understanding that the figures of 1896 represent trade controlled absolutely by the Spanish flag, it will be taken as satisfactory proof that new and independent markets have been secured to take the place of those disappearing with the colonies. Thus regarded, they are almost amazing. The aggregate of imports in 1908 reflected the purchasing power of the nation, and suggested a liberal purchase of machinery with which to establish local manufactures.

Spanish trade with us has grown considerably since the days of the conflict; and, while the balance continues decidedly in our favor, awakening Spain is yearly decreasing the ratio by sending us more of her products. Last year the States sold her former foe $28,400,000 worth of goods. Raw cotton represented $20,000,000 of this amount, petroleum came next with a value of $2,300,000, and staves and lumber swelled the account by $1,400,000. It is interesting to know that Spain's machinery bill with us last year was in approximate figures $500,000, and that for Yankee typewriters $200,000 was paid. On the other hand, Spain exported to the States goods of a value of about $7,250,000—copper ore and bars, iron ore and pyrites, corks and corkwood, olives and Malaga grapes.

The country leading in Spain's foreign commerce is Great Britain, the exports thereto having last year a value of $59,400,000. The lion's share of the exports was represented by the product of the Rio Tinto mines, the bulk of whose output always

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goes to England. France, Italy, Holland and Belgium likewise pay annual tribute to Spain in the form of trade balances.

Statistics ordinarily are dry reading. But if they convey a message of prosperity, and be not too bald, they are never unpalatable. Liquidation of many obligations incidental to the revolutions in Cuba and the Philippines, and to the Spanish-American war, increased enormously the national debt of Spain. In the year of the struggle this was equivalent of $1,310,865,232. It is now $2,018,692,695. In 1897 the population of Spain and her unimportant possessions in northern Africa and the Canary Islands was 18,132,475—and that meant a *pro rata* indebtedness of $72. Now the population is 19,712,585, thus apportioning to every soul a share equal to $102 in the public debt. A few years back there was a steady emigration, but it is now almost wholly checked, and the expectation is that the population will gradually increase. Progressive Catalonia is steadily drawing people from France and from Italy. Economists assert that Spain is capable of supporting from thirty-five to forty million people without crowding, and these observers say that in the near future the provincial growth will be even more marked than the present urban increase of humanity. A decade ago the birth-rate was 34.38 per thousand inhabitants, and the death-rate 28.68. The figures have improved now to 33.28 and 25.13 respectively.

Last summer's revolt in Catalonia, and the unfortunate campaign against the Riff tribes in Morocco, made inroads upon the national welfare and arrested for a brief period the country's upbuilding. But the new and prosperous Spain is too positively assured to permit these events to figure as permanent setbacks—their cost will in two or three years be overcome, and it is believed that decided benefit will result from the operations at Melilla, for they awakened Spanish patriotism and pride as these have not been roused in a long time. To be victorious even in a small war must bring amazing stimulus to a people grown callous to defeat.

The price movement of bonds forms a convincing index of a nation's credit, and these quotations speak plainly the value that investors place upon a nation. The leading public bond of Spain is the "Interior," bearing four per cent. interest. In 1896 it ruled at 63. When the mutterings of war gave place to conflict this bond fell in quoted value to 47½, and the day peace with Uncle Sam was declared it sold at 49½. Just a decade after the

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conflict, when Spanish recuperation was admitted to be real and tangible, "Interiors" sold at 84 and at the present time they are quoted at about 85. Just prior to the troubles in Barcelona and Morocco these bonds had a free market at 90. A novel condition applies to all Spanish securities, save one or two issues marketed exclusively abroad, which is that the government imposes a tax of twenty per cent. upon all interest coupons, and pays the coupon minus this impost.

Students of national problems used to claim that Spain lacked the most vital essential for attaining a position of permanent importance, because her soil had never fully supplied the necessities of the people; and that her mineral wealth could mean but little for the national benefit so long as mines like the important Rio Tinto copper producers were worked by alien capital, by machinery made in other lands, and for all save the commonest form of manual labor by workmen brought from other countries. But little by little the arable soil is being forced to yield a larger bounty, until now the country is practically independent of the outer world for foodstuffs. And four years ago, let it be stated, the imports of food necessities had a value approximating $70,000,000. This is a fact possessing a significance almost equal to the advance in the country's credit, and Americans may be slow to believe that agriculture south of the Pyrenees is yet pursued in great part by methods as primitive as those left in Spain by the Moors four hundred and more years ago.

Recognizing that Spanish prosperity must come in preponderating measure from the soil, a decided interest in agriculture is being taken everywhere in Alfonso's realm. No better evidence of this can be asked than to be informed of the numbers of Spanish pupils in the agricultural schools of France, Germany and Italy; and most of these lads are noblemen and heirs to important estates, whose forefathers, most likely, took no interest in any form of husbandry. Long before an agricultural millennium can bloom in the kingdom of Alfonso XIII mechanical tillage must be introduced, vast arid sections must yet be wrested by irrigation from their long-existing barrenness, and hundreds of grandees holding historic titles must surrender their tracts of rich soil, now preserved for the chase, to the purposes of cultivation by the peasant class.

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Everywhere in Spain the soil must be prepared for seeding by gang-ploughs rather than by implements that are merely metal-shod sticks; and the ripe grain must be garnered from its husks by threshing-machines, and no longer be trodden out by the hoofs of animals. Further, crops and merchandise must be hauled by steam or electricity, and not by mules driven by loutish *arrieros;* and far and wide and up and down the kingdom the railway must supplant the mule-path as the channel of commercial traffic.

A subject that the upbuilders of Spain must give thought and action to in the immediate future is forestry, for no land is in greater need of trees. In the Cortes and in the columns of enlightened journals of Madrid and other important cities much is being said on the subject of restoring the forests, beginning with pulp-wood and other quick-growing specimens of forest timber. The realm of Alfonso is as large as Maryland, Delaware, West Virginia, Virginia and North Carolina. But its forests have but one-fourth the extent of those of West Virginia alone, and many of these are only scrub thickets of a poor kind.

Much of the denuded land is absolutely barren, with a red rock laid bare where agriculture once flourished. Hills whose rounded forms indicate that they once supported forests are bald and dry now and without inhabitants. At present the most valuable forest product is cork, the annual output being 30,000 tons. The cork groves are going the way of all the other Spanish forests and for the same reason—want of care.

Foresters declare there is no reason why Spain should not be able to do what France has done: cover her barren places with trees and thus restore her soil, abate floods, mitigate droughts, provide employment for many and furnish raw materials for factories.

Spaniards have always been heavily taxed. Everything they consume, whether necessity or luxury, is taxed to the limit; everything they do is likewise taxed to the very hilt. The taxes, since the loss of the colonies, of course, have had greater *raison d'être* than before the war, and are paid with better grace. In America such burdens as the people of Spain submit to would lead to civil war, to say the least. But Latin peoples have never known anything else—their only free commodity seems to be God's pure air.

Upon his tobacco the Spaniard pays the Madrid Government an annual profit of $27,000,000, and upon his matches a profit

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approximating $1,000,000. The salt monopoly produces a yearly revenue of nearly $15,000,000, while the sugar monopoly brings in $5,400,000, and the sale of alcoholic drinks $3,700,000. Spaniards of every degree buy lottery-tickets constantly, and the fifteen-per-cent. tax on the traffic enriches the Madrid coffers by $7,250,000 a year. The tax of fifteen per cent. on admission tickets to bull-fights adds as much more to the national exchequer. To escape service in the army well-to-do Spaniards pay the Government $3,250,000 a year. From every source, customs duties, taxes and income from monopolies, the Government receives in these times $216,000,000 yearly. This sum is sufficient to carry on the administration, meet the interest on all bond issues, pay for the army and navy, and leave a fair annual balance. To maintain the royal family calls for an appropriation of about $1,780,000. Even the infant Prince of the Asturias, heir to the throne, has his individual grant of $100,000 a year.

There has been a decided saving to the Government in naval expenditures since the events of Manila Bay and Santiago, that practically deprived Spain of a sea force. The Spanish have existed without any pretence of maintaining a navy since the war, but the nation's accession to moderate prosperity is finding expression in a demand to again be represented on the seas, and British yards are now busy with orders for Spanish war-ships.

King Alfonso has one province where it was not necessary to have the lesson of defeat to inspire industry and enterprise—Catalonia. Admirably situated, with exceptionally fertile soil, and the perfection of a mild climate, it has been an easy matter for the Catalonians to move forward. These inhabitants of south-eastern Spain are uninterruptedly descended from the Phœnicians, who were expert merchants in olden times, and with whom tenacity of purpose was a cardinal virtue. Their seaport, Barcelona, has ever had a tremendous importance in Mediterranean trade. When Hannibal made his historical journey in Iberia he wrote of Barcelona, then a small seaport, as a second Carthage. Now it is a city of 700,000 people. The Catalonian of to-day is expert, industrious and courageous—and he is making the soil surrender the maximum of its fulness. It is doubted if there exists an acre of available Catalonian earth that is not under cultivation. On the mountain slopes, even, where rocks seem impenetrable, dynamite has pulverized the stone, and the created soil has been

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planted with the vines producing the strong "Wine of Marble," which has a high fame. It would be unwise to tell a Catalonian that his province was not the first in importance in the land, and he opines that Barcelona is destined to be the greatest seaport of the universe—with his own hands he has helped to create the city upon the site of the town of his fathers, and he fairly beams with delight when assuring the visitor that the products of Spain will ever go hence to the markets of the world. Modern docks and quays make Barcelona an ideal port, but it is a sad fact that the traffic going and coming through it is limited to Spanish merchandise. It is a national seaport pure and simple.

The Catalonians have always scoffed at monarchical institutions, have even moulded their habits in a way to rebuke the pride of the Castilian in lineage and courtly prerogative; and for a generation they have clamored for annexation to republican France, or, failing this, to be given autonomous privileges practically removing them from Madrid rule.

But republicanism received its death-blow when Alfonso secured for his consort a princess of England's royal family, a niece of Edward VII. Catalonians should have perceived this; and had they recognized the apparent fact the recent outbreak, costing much in human life and treasure, would not have occurred. The summary manner in which this revolt, having almost the gravity of civil war, was dealt with by the Maura ministry proved to impartial observers of Spanish affairs that the monarchy is not to be overthrown by ordinary methods. Catalonians would promote their own cause if they punctually stifled every slumbering ember of anarchy to be found in the purlieus of Barcelona and set about cultivating agreeable relations with their king in the hours they feel like sparing from their vineyards, cotton-mills and shipping offices. Could the rest of the country be blessed with half the enterprise of Catalonia province, commercial Europe would promptly have cause for fearing the rivalry of Spain.

Whatever justice there may have been in Don Carlos's claim to the Spanish throne, the right descended in weakened form a few months since to his son, and as personified in Don Jaime, it amounts now to little more than a political tradition. The right to rule denied to a principal is seldom accorded to an inheritor.

FREDERIC COURTLAND PENFIELD.

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A CANADIAN NAVY.

BY WATSON GRIFFIN.

THE most important step in the evolution of the Canadian nation since the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway is the establishment of a Canadian navy which is to be provided for during the present session of the Dominion Parliament. The fact that Canada, although absolutely dependent upon the British navy for protection of a merchant marine that ranks fourth among the nations, has never contributed anything to the support of that navy has long been a matter of reproach. In the early years of the Confederation, when the revenues were small and the construction of the Intercolonial and Canadian Pacific Railways and a costly system of canals was essential to the consolidation of the Dominion and the maintenance of the integrity of British North America as a part of the Empire, the British people bore the burden of the Imperial navy without grumbling, and Canadian self-respect was satisfied by the argument that in building a transcontinental railway, available for the rapid transportation of British soldiers and sailors from the Atlantic to the Pacific, Canada was contributing more to the strength of the Empire than it could do by expending the same amount of money on war-ships. But this excuse is no longer available. Canada is growing in population and wealth at a wonderful rate; the whole country is prosperous; and nowhere else in the world are the masses of the people enjoying so many of the comforts and luxuries of life. It is true that two new transcontinental railway systems are now under construction and rapidly nearing completion, but it cannot be said that three railways across Canada, with branches in every direction, are necessary either for the maintenance of Canadian integrity or for the transportation of British troops. The railways now building are purely commercial undertakings.

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Resolutions in favor of Canadian participation in Imperial defence were repeatedly passed by the Canadian Manufacturers Association and most of the Boards of Trade throughout the country year after year; navy leagues were formed; fervid appeals to Canadian pride were made by speakers at banquets and public meetings; but the Government did nothing until the German war scare in England so aroused public sentiment in Canada that when the Opposition leaders brought the question before the Dominion Parliament and urged the establishment of a Canadian navy, built in Canada, officered and manned by Canadians, but acting in co-operation with the British navy according to plans to be agreed upon by the Governments of Canada and Great Britain, Sir Wilfrid Laurier accepted the suggestion and a Government resolution, framed by Sir Wilfrid, was introduced and unanimously passed by the House of Commons at the last session of the Dominion Parliament. This was the joint resolution:

"This House fully recognizes the duty of the people of Canada, as they increase in numbers and wealth, to assume in large measure the responsibilities of national defence. The House is of the opinion that, under the present constitutional relations between the mother country and the self-governing Dominions, the payment of regular and periodical contributions to the Imperial Treasury for naval and military purposes would not, so far as Canada is concerned, be the most satisfactory solution of the question of defence.

"The House will cordially approve of any necessary expenditure designed to promote the speedy organization of a Canadian naval service *in co-operation with, and in close relation to, the Imperial navy, along* the lines suggested by the Admiralty at the last Imperial Conference, and in full sympathy with the view that the naval supremacy of Britain is essential to the security of commerce, the safety of the Empire and the peace of the world.

"The House expresses its firm conviction that whenever the need arises the Canadian people will be found ready and willing to make any sacrifice that is required to give to the Imperial authorities the most loyal and hearty co-operation in every movement for the maintenance of the honor of the Empire."

The Parliaments of New Zealand and the Australian Commonwealth had already passed resolutions showing their willingness to join in the naval defence of the Empire. The British Government, anxious to take advantage of the spontaneous offers of assistance from the three self-governing Dominions of the Empire, called a naval conference in London. The Canadian Government sent to that Conference the Minister of Marine and

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the Minister of Militia, and the other Dominions were also represented. The exact details of the proceedings at the Conference have not been made public, but it is understood that an agreement was arrived at by which Canada and Australia will immediately establish navies of their own to act in concert with the British navy, while New Zealand will make an annual cash contribution to the British Government in payment for naval protection. While the Liberal and Conservative leaders and their followers in the Dominion Parliament were able to agree upon a resolution regarding a naval policy, there is much difference of opinion on the question in the ranks of both political parties in the country at large.

In considering the attitude of the Canadian people on this question, it must be remembered that nearly one-third of the population of Canada is of French origin. The majority of the French-Canadians are loyal to the British Empire; they are fond of quoting a remark of the late Sir Etienne Pascal Taché: "*Le dernier coup du canon tiré pour la défence du drapeau britannique sur cette terre d'Amerique le sera par un canadien-français*" ("The last shot fired in America in defence of the British flag will be fired by a French-Canadian"); but they are very jealous for the maintenance of Canadian autonomy and apt to be suspicious of proposals for Canadian participation in Imperial defence, fearing that Canada may be dragged into unnecessary and unjustifiable wars.

Since the Naval Conference in London many of the French-Canadian Liberal newspapers and some of the French-Canadian Conservative papers have expressed disapproval of the proposed expenditures for naval defence. Some of the French-Canadian Liberal newspapers are advocating a plebiscite on the question. It is recalled that Sir Wilfrid Laurier got rid of the embarrassing prohibition question by means of a plebiscite. The plebiscite resulted in a prohibition majority for the Dominion as a whole, every one of the English-speaking provinces voting in favor of prohibition, but the French-Canadian province of Quebec voted overwhelmingly against it and the measure was killed.

Anti-Imperialism has never had so strong a hold among French-Canadian Conservatives as among the Nationalists, who form the backbone of the French-Canadian Liberal organization. But Mr. F. D. Monk, M.P., for Jacques Cartier, who has for some

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time been regarded as the leader of the French-Canadian Conservatives, speaking at Lachine on November 8th, strongly condemned the proposed Canadian navy on the ground that Canada did not need naval protection and could not afford such a luxury. He declared that the plan proposed would mean the sacrifice of Canadian autonomy.

It has been stated that a number of the Liberal members of the House of Commons, both English and French speaking, including several members of the Cabinet, agreed to the joint resolution with the understanding that it was merely intended as a means of shelving the question and that no immediate action would be taken. However, as the resolution called for "speedy" action, it is difficult to believe that there could have been any misunderstanding.

The Hon. Mackenzie King, Minister of Labor in the Laurier Cabinet, who claims descent from William Lyon Mackenzie, leader of the rebellion of 1837 in Upper Canada, is reported to have publicly expressed himself as strongly opposed to any increased expenditure for either military or naval purposes.

The Hon. Charles Murphy, Secretary of State in the Laurier Cabinet, after a trip through the Northwest, declared that, "What the West wants is box-cars and not battleships." Duncan C. Ross, the Liberal candidate in the Middlesex by-election campaign now in progress, speaking on the same platform with the Minister of Railways and Canals, said that in view of the large amount of money required for the transcontinental railway the Government should go slowly in the expenditure of money for naval purposes. He thought "the war scare was all wind and newspaper talk."

A deputation from the Trades and Labor Congress of Canada went to Ottawa to tell Sir Wilfrid Laurier that their organization was opposed to the expenditure of public money for naval purposes. The officers of this labor organization have always been in sympathy with the Liberal party, and the leader of this deputation was one of the Liberal candidates for Toronto in the last general election. Sir Wilfrid Laurier frankly told these labor leaders that the Government must stand by its naval policy.

Many of the English-speaking Liberals are opposed to any expenditure of Canadian money for naval or military purposes, arguing that such expenditures may provoke war and that they place an

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altogether unnecessary burden of taxation upon the Canadian people, as there can be no danger of war with the United States, and the Americans will never permit any other nation to invade Canada, because such an invasion would be a violation of the Monroe doctrine. "England does not need our aid," they say. "If she ever does, we will spend our last cent and shed the last drop of blood in our veins in her defence." But it is probable that a large majority of the English-speaking Liberals heartily approve the proposal to build a Canadian navy, and even the minority, who grumble at the expenditure and condemn all preparations for war as un-Christian, will unwaveringly support Sir Wilfrid Laurier in any policy he may decide upon, just as they support him in maintaining the policy of protection, although they call themselves free-traders and unceasingly denounce protection.

On the other hand, the English-speaking Conservatives are unanimous in the belief that Canada should participate in the naval defence of the Empire; they have condemned the argument that the Monroe doctrine is a sufficient protection for Canada, declaring that it is as mean and humiliating for Canadians to expect American taxpayers to pay the cost of protecting Canada against foreign aggression as it is to allow the overburdened British taxpayers to pay the bills; but they are divided in opinion as to the way in which Canadian money should be expended for this purpose, an influential minority of the party being disposed to criticise the Conservative leader, Robert L. Borden, for his advocacy of a Canadian-built navy in preference to an annual money contribution to the British Government in payment for naval protection.

The Conservative leader has plainly stated that he will not recede from the stand he has taken in favor of a powerful and effective Canadian unit of the Imperial navy, but he says there is nothing in the resolution passed by Parliament to prevent a special money contribution to the British Government if any emergency should arise before the Canadian navy is ready for action.

It is altogether unlikely that Sir Wilfrid Laurier will abandon a policy unanimously endorsed by both parties in the Canadian Parliament and approved by the British Government at the Colonial Conference, but the objections of his own followers and the difference of opinion among the Conservatives may cause him

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to favor such a modest expenditure that the Canadian navy will not in the near future add materially to the strength of the Empire.

The policy which was agreed upon by the Liberal and Conservative leaders is in accordance with the naval plan outlined by Mr. George E. Drummond, as representative of the Canadian Manufacturers Association and the Montreal Board of Trade, before the Chambers of Commerce of the Empire at their meeting in Montreal in August, 1903, and approved by that great body of British business men. It has been endorsed by Admiral Lord Charles Beresford and Lord Milner as more satisfactory than a money contribution. It meets the views of so great a naval authority as Admiral Sir John C. R. Colomb, who some years ago advocated the establishment of ship-yards, arsenals and supply depots in Canada and Australia. Sir John said:

"Although since the Napoleonic wars a whole hemisphere has been added to British responsibilities, we ignore the fact in our naval policy of to-day. Producing power to meet naval requirements in the other hemisphere is localized and limited to one island in this. Every ship, however small; almost every appliance, however insignificant; every gun, rifle or revolver, every pound of powder, and every shot required for naval purposes at the other side of the world must be produced at home and pass over half the circumference of the globe to their destination. That is our policy and our practice. Can it be fairly said it is unavoidable, in view of the fact that the Dominion of Canada and Australia are integral portions of our Empire with seaboards on the Pacific? They are rapidly developing in the pursuit of wealth and manufacturing power rivalling our own.

"Those who assert that this policy we pursue is unavoidable and inevitable are bound to explain why Australia and Canada so differ from the United States and Japan as to forbid of the establishment in these great limbs of the Empire of the means of production and manufacture necessary for war which these foreign states possess. The truth is our present policy of centralizing the manufacture and supply of appliances and munitions of war to meet not merely naval, but military, requirements of a world state is wholly indefensible and fraught with peril."

So long as the British people pay the whole cost of the naval defence of the Empire, the building and equipment of war-ships must be concentrated within that little island. The enormous cost of the navy could not have been borne for so many years by British taxpayers if the money had been sent out of the country to pay for ships and munitions of war produced in distant parts

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of the Empire. The money has remained in circulation in Britain, giving employment there not only to ship-builders, but to many tributary trades. Speaking at the Colonial Conference of 1902 regarding the heavy burden borne by the British taxpayer for defence of the world-wide Empire, Mr. Chamberlain said: "The weary Titan groans beneath the orb of his too vast fate." Let me add that he would have been completely crushed by it long ago if the money expended in war-ships had gone out of the country. And if it is true that the British people could not afford to pay for war-ships built in Canada, it is equally true that it would be a serious burden for Canadians to pay for war-ships built in England. As a permanent policy it would be unbearable, but in an emergency it may be necessary, owing to the long delay of our Government in assuming the responsibility of constructing a Canadian navy. The statesmen of England of both political parties seem to be really alarmed at the war preparations of Germany. Our safety lies in immediately making the Imperial navy so strong as to insure peace. Before war-ships can be built in Canada, ship-yards must be got ready. Meanwhile the Germans are building "Dreadnoughts," and it is feared that in 1912 they may have more of those great ships than the British. Have the British ship-yards the capacity to build more "Dreadnoughts" during the next two years than have been already contracted for? Does the number of such ships to be built depend entirely upon the amount of money at the disposal of the British Government? If the British ship-yards adapted for the construction of "Dreadnoughts" are not being worked to their full capacity, it is the duty of Canada in this emergency to make up for past neglect by ordering two or three "Dreadnoughts" in England while the Canadian ship-yards are being got ready for operation. Canada should pay not only the cost of building these "Dreadnoughts" in England, but also the full cost of maintaining them, asking the British Government to supply officers and men until Canadians can be trained for the service.

As regards the alleged incapacity of Canadians to build and manage a navy, the Canadian Pacific and Canadian Northern railways, the great Canadian banking and insurance systems, Niagara power development and many others of our enterprises bear testimony to the organizing ability of Canadians.

If instead of having a Canadian naval unit we simply made

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an annual contribution to the British navy, not only the amount of the contribution, but the principle of paying tribute, would be fought over at every session of Parliament. Instead of arousing national pride and British sentiment, it would create jealousy and ill-feeling between the different elements of Canada's population. But a Canadian navy once established will be considered as much a matter of course as our militia force is at present.

With reference to the charge that if our new navy is under Canadian control French-Canadian influence will prevent its being of service to the Empire in the hour of need, it is only necessary to say that French-Canadian influence did not prevent the sending of a number of Canadian contingents to help the British army in South Africa, although it was felt that there was no real need of Canadian assistance in fighting a few Boers. There is little doubt that if Britain were actually at war with the populous, wealthy and well-organized German Empire or any other great Power the whole Canadian people, regardless of origin and language, would support the British cause, but even if the French-Canadian section of the population did offer opposition the English-speaking majority, divided politically in time of peace, would be united in time of war.

The present difference of opinion is largely due to the belief that there is no real danger of war. But if war should come without previous preparation, Canadian sympathy would be of little value to Britain.

Mr. Goldwin Smith is reported to have said that if Canada has a navy "it will be necessary to determine very clearly with whom is to rest the declaration of war." The existence of a Canadian navy will not in any way affect Canada's liability to be included in any British war. Whether we have a navy of our own or pay the British Government for protection or continue to pay nothing in any way for naval purposes so long as Canada is part of the British Empire, it will be liable to attack from any nation with which Britain is at war and we may be sure that the enemy will not hesitate to strike that part of the Empire which is most vulnerable and least prepared for war. But when Canada shows its willingness to bear a fair share of the cost of defending the Empire, the King will not agree to a declaration of war without consulting the Government of our Dominion.

WATSON GRIFFIN.

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AMERICAN OPINION AND BRITISH RULE IN INDIA.

BY SYDNEY BROOKS.

THAT the events which, during the last year or two, have drawn the attention of the whole world upon British rule in India should have aroused a peculiar interest among Americans seems to me entirely natural. No Englishman, at any rate, would wish it otherwise. It is impossible for us in Great Britain to feel or affect indifference to American opinion upon our work and policies in any part of the globe. American approval and sympathy are frankly valued; American hostility or criticism is as frankly deplored. Not for nothing have the two great communities, politically separated, preserved the surer bonds of a common tongue, identical instincts and aspirations, and a kindred form of government. They are bound to influence and react upon one another with almost instantaneous decisiveness and through a thousand impalpable channels; their opinion of each other's doings, whether favorable or unfavorable, cannot help having weight. Each nation at more than one crisis of its history, in more than one phase of its development, has been stimulated by the other's example and support, has been disheartened, checked or bewildered by the other's disapproval. There could, therefore, be no question of England's not caring to know what Americans were saying and thinking about the arresting incidents which have seemed, in some sort, to place British rule in India upon its trial. England did care and does care. Her hold over India is the keystone of her Imperial structure and the pivot, so far as there can be any single pivot, of her whole scheme of foreign policy. That hold cannot be loosened or that pivot deranged without a catastrophe that would reverberate disastrously throughout Asia, throughout Europe and wherever the British flag is planted. But it is not only because India is of inestimable

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and, indeed, vital consequence to her that England feels she has a claim upon the interest of Americans in the state and fortunes of the great dependency. She believes that her work there constitutes an unsurpassed record of constructive beneficence, that it is the ultimate touchstone of her Imperial greatness, and that the more Americans inform themselves of the principles that have governed it and of the results it has produced, the more they must come to regard it not only with interest, but with sympathy, with admiration and with an enhanced pride in the achievements of the stock. Moreover, since Americans within the past ten years have been brought for the first time into personal touch with the problems and difficulties of Oriental rulership and have learned the alphabet, at any rate, of its infinite perplexities, England feels entitled to ask that her experiment in India—the most arduous and complicated and by far the greatest that any Western nation has yet essayed—should be judged in the United States with something of a professional appreciation and understanding.

It was accordingly with emotions of the keenest pleasure that Englishmen read last January the magnificent eulogy pronounced upon British rule in India by Mr. Roosevelt. Friendlier words have never been spoken by any American in connection with British achievements anywhere, and that such warm and generous testimony should have been borne by Mr. Roosevelt, the head of the Commonwealth and the most powerful, popular and representative American of his day and generation, filled the cup of British satisfaction almost to overflowing. "In India," said the President, "we encounter the most colossal example history affords of the successful administration by men of European blood of a thickly populated region in another continent. It is the greatest feat of the kind that has been performed since the break-up of the Roman Empire. Indeed, it is a greater feat than was performed under the Roman Empire." No doubt mistakes had been made and shortcomings could be detected, "but the fact remains that the successful administration of the Indian Empire by the English has been one of the most notable and most admirable achievements of the white race during the past two centuries." On the whole, British rule had been "for the immeasurable benefit of the natives of India themselves." There had been "far more resolute effort to secure fair treatment for the humble and oppressed during the days of English rule in

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India than during any other period recorded in Indian history." "England," added the President, "does not draw a penny from India for English purposes; she spends for India the revenues raised in India; and they are spent for the benefit of the Indians themselves. . . . The mass of the people have been, and are, far better off than ever before, and far better off than they would now be if the English control were overthrown or withdrawn. Indeed, if the English control were now withdrawn from India the whole peninsula would become a chaos of bloodshed and violence; all the weaker peoples and the most industrious and law-abiding would be plundered and forced to submit to indescribable wrong and oppression; and the only beneficiaries among the natives would be the lawless, the violent and the bloodthirsty. . . . Every well-wisher of mankind, every true friend of humanity, should realize that the part which England has played in India has been to the immeasurable advantage of India, and for her honor, her profit and her civilization we should feel a profound satisfaction in the stability and the permanence of English rule. I have seen many American missionaries who have come from India, and I cannot overstate the terms of admiration in which they speak of English rule in India and of the incalculable benefits which it has conferred and is conferring upon the natives."

Mr. Roosevelt's panegyric, though the weightiest and the most welcome, is far from being the only tribute paid by Americans to the spirit, aims and accomplishments of British rule in India. It would be easy, indeed, to fill twenty pages of this REVIEW with extracts from the eulogies of American travellers, special correspondents and, above all, of American missionaries on what they have seen and known and lived among between the Himalayas and Cape Comorin. But I notice that within the last year or two a more or less organized movement has been set on foot for the purpose of persuading the American people that British rule in India deserves condemnation rather than praise; that it is harsh, oppressive and impoverishing; that it deprives the natives of India of any voice in the management of their own affairs; that it is a rule of mere brute strength; that it diverts the wealth of India to British pockets and crushes Indian manufactures for the benefit of British exports; that it has neglected education, fomented racial and religious strife and screwed up taxation to such a point that the natives grow yearly poorer and

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famines more deadly and frequent; that it is now not only harmful, but superfluous, and that India would be better off without it. The agitation which has based itself upon these and similar allegations has been able, I do not doubt, to influence many minds. Its promoters appear to be men of feeling and sincerity —of more feeling, indeed, than judgment and of more sincerity than knowledge; they have had the ear of the press; they have proclaimed it their one desire to "lay the truth before the American people"; they have disavowed all imputations of hostility towards the British Raj; they have asserted that their object is not the destruction, but the reform of British rule in India; and though their propaganda was shaken by Mr. Roosevelt's counterblast, it is still being kept up and unquestionably finds something in American conditions and in the American temperament to feed upon. Fifteen years ago it would have raged with little hindrance from one end of the United States to the other; we should have had resolutions in Congress, a deluge of pamphlets, monster meetings and all the other familiar paraphernalia of an anti-British campaign; and the comparative mildness and ineffectiveness of the agitation to-day are a proof of how far the happy revolution in Anglo-American relations and her greater experience in the realities of *Weltpolitik* have carried America away from the somewhat elementary standpoint of former days. Nevertheless, there is always in the United States a sediment of Anglophobia to be stirred up; India is a remote, an incognizable, to most Americans, I suspect, almost an incredible country; American sympathies are quick to resent even the appearance of oppression and range themselves strongly and instinctively on the side of the under dog; the material for distinguishing the true from the false and for bringing large vague assertions to the test of fact scarcely exists; it is nobody's business in America to state the case for the British Raj; and the fallacies, the distortions, the accusations and the plausibilities of the propagandists have, therefore, met with a considerable, and as I shall hope to show, a quite undeserved success.

Perhaps the best summary of their contentions is to be found in a manifesto they were recently rash enough to issue by way of refuting Mr. Roosevelt's speech of last January. Its tone, let me say at once, is respectful and even cordial both towards Mr. Roosevelt and towards Great Britain. The eighteen gentlemen

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who sign it, several of whom are clergymen, appear to write more in sorrow than in anger, and while their facts are often imaginary and their language at times grotesquely intemperate, I quite recognize that they conceive themselves to be engaged in a task of righteousness. It is a task, however, that for its proper discharge asks something more than moral ardor. It demands knowledge, perspective, the power of appreciating the spirit of an alien environment, all the qualities, in short, that go to make the political instinct. But of political instinct the authors of this manifesto betray no sign whatever. They write of India precisely as though it were a somewhat larger Wisconsin and of the natives of India as though they formed a single homogeneous mass like Frenchmen or Spaniards. They seem incapable of understanding natures and mental characteristics and social conditions so far removed from their own experience; and they brandish the formulæ and maxims and shibboleths of modern Western democracy without the ghost of a suspicion that what is good for Oklahoma may not be equally good for India, and indeed for all the world. They either do not know or else they have never digested the fact that no other country on earth furnishes even a distant parallel to the structure of Indian society —a society in which the lines of division are still the primitive ones of race, religion and caste, deepened by centuries of incessant warfare; in which more than forty different tribes or nationalities, speaking over a hundred and eighty different tongues and dialects, and confessing nine different religions, are jumbled together in a formless and inextricable mosaic, and subdivided again into something like twenty-four hundred castes, each caste a distinctive, exclusive, separate entity; in which three-fourths of the people live by the land and nineteen-twentieths of them are wholly illiterate; in which faiths, usages, habits and customs are preserved with a jealousy and intensity far beyond the range of Occidental experience; and in which power is held, government administered, justice dispensed and progress furthered under the authority and direction of a handful of rulers summoned from a distant northern island to guide the destinies of one-fifth of the human race. To treat a country so formed and situated as though it were not essentially different from the United States or Italy, and to prescribe for it in accordance with principles that have proved workable only in the peculiar conditions of the West,

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is as foolish, to adopt one of Lord Morley's similes, as it would be to wear a fur coat in the Deccan because one has found it a convenient garment in Canada. It is to display precisely those qualities of myopia, narrowness and rigidity which the world, for lack of a better word, has agreed to sum up as provincialism.

Of all their accusation the most serious, and if it could be substantiated the most damning, is that the British to enrich themselves have taxed India into poverty. They assert that "the wealth of India is being steadily and remorselessly drained away to enrich the land of her foreign masters"; that this drain, this tribute, this flow of treasure from India to England, amounts to between $125,000,000 and $150,000,000 a year; that England "has been successful in taxing India more heavily than any other civilized land is taxed; according to ability to pay, more than twice as heavily as England's own people"; that India grows poorer with every year that passes and in consequence less able to withstand the ravages of famine; and that for this increasing poverty British rule is largely responsible. I propose to take these accusations and disprove them one by one.

(1) In the ordinary and recognized sense of the word no tribute whatever is paid by India to England. The British connection imposes upon India the annual payment of certain sums. These sums, which for the three years from 1904 to 1907 averaged $95,000,000 a year, are in payment partly of interest on debt and upon capital invested in productive industries in India and on moneys borrowed for building railways—say, $50,000,000; partly of railway and military stores and materials—say, $12,500,000; partly of military charges, including pensions—say, $20,000,000; and partly of civil and administrative charges—say, $12,500,000. In other words, for every rupee remitted India has received a full and fair equivalent in goods, services or capital, and Mr. Roosevelt was thus absolutely and literally right in asserting that England does not draw a penny from India for English purposes and that she spends on India and for the benefit of the Indians themselves all the revenues raised in India. It has, however, been urged that in addition to these known payments there is an unknown drain on India's resources in the shape of private remittances, and the extent of this drain has been estimated at between $50,000,000 and $60,000,000 a year. This, of course, is a mere guess and the probabilities are all against its accuracy.

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The sum mentioned is more than double the annual pay of all European officials in India, civil and military, and it is preposterous to contend that the comparatively few European merchants in India earn more than all the civil and military officials put together. As a matter of fact, it is only a very small minority of British officials who are able to remit even a moiety of their salaries to England. Most of them spend all their pay, and even more, in India; while if there is one thing that may fairly be said to be indisputable in the history of Indian economics it is that the British have spent more money on, and have done more to secure, the material and industrial development of India than all their predecessors put together, and that under their rule wages and the standard of living and comfort have risen throughout the length and breadth of the Peninsula. The truth is that the theory of a "drain" rests upon the old and thoroughly exploded fallacy that foreign capital impoverishes the country into which it is introduced and that a surplus of exports over imports is a sign of national ill health. The authors of the amazing manifesto I am criticising appear to regard the excess of $100,000,000 a year in Indian exports as a "tribute" to England. But the United States shows annually a huge surplus of exports over imports in her dealings with Great Britain. So also do Australia and the Argentine Republic. Are these countries likewise paying "tribute" to England or are the authors of the manifesto talking nonsense?

(2) That India is "taxed more heavily than any other civilized land is taxed" is a statement even more easily rebutted. The sum derived from every kind of taxation in 1906-07 amounted to less than $1 per head, and nearly half of this was the proceeds of the land revenue. The land revenue in India is the precise equivalent of rent in other countries, the cultivator paying to the state what in Europe and America he pays to the landlord; and unless rent is to be regarded as taxation when the state receives it, and merely as rent when a private individual receives it, the sum paid in taxes by the inhabitants of British India is rather less than 50 cents a head per annum. The authors of the manifesto talk of a salt tax of 800, 1,200 and even 2,000 per cent. of its cost value. No such tax exists. The cost of production at the largest sources of supply—the salt lakes of Rajputana—is 8 cents per 82 pounds. The duty is 32 cents per 82

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pounds. Therefore, the duty is 400, and not 2,000, per cent. of the cost price. Even this seems large. But so carefully have the costs of production, transportation and distribution been kept down that the price of salt to the Indian consumer is not materially higher than in England and is substantially lower than in France or Italy or, I believe, the United States—being on an average less than 1 cent per pound. Under native rule, owing to bad communications and transport, crude methods of manufacture, and a perfect network of inland customs and transit duties, salt was very much more costly, and was often, indeed, not procurable at any price. At the present day the inhabitants of British India pay almost exactly 7 cents a head per annum in salt duty. That is hardly an oppressive impost. Moreover, except the land revenue which, as I have explained, is the equivalent of rent, and a three and one-half per cent. customs duty on his cotton garments, it is about the only tax that the peasant, who forms nearly three-fourths of the total population, is called upon to pay. He has no tobacco tax or tea or coffee tax to meet, and if he abstains from the use of alcohol and opium and keeps out of the law courts he virtually escapes the tax-collector altogether. I assert without the least hesitation that no peasantry in the world is so lightly taxed.

(3) The authors of the manifesto are even less successful in their attempt to prove, first, that India is growing poorer, secondly, that her poverty is "the basic cause" of famine and, thirdly, that British rule is largely responsible for her alleged increasing impoverishment. India is not growing poorer. The gross revenues raised from her have all but trebled since 1860. But the increase is due not to the imposition of new burdens on the taxpayer, but to increasing prosperity and better management. There is no considerable source of Imperial taxation now in existence which had not already been imposed in 1860, and in most cases the increase in the total receipts has accrued in spite of reduction in the rate of assessment. Thus the incidence of the land revenue has been greatly diminished; the salt duty has been progressively lowered; import duties are smaller and all export duties, except that on rice, have been abolished; and the income tax stands at a considerably lower rate and has a higher minimum limit of assessment than in 1860. The yield of the excise duties has largely increased, but the increase is mainly

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due not to enhanced duties, but to better administration and a more effectual suppression of illicit manufacture and sale. Municipal and rural rates are the only taxes which are to some extent of a later origin than 1860; and their total productiveness is only about $12,000,000. The very first feature, in short, that strikes one in surveying the fiscal developments of India during the past half-century is that taxes have steadily decreased and that their yield in revenue has as steadily risen. I think that that is good *prima facie* evidence that the people who pay them are growing more prosperous. Let me on this subject quote a passage from one of Lord Curzon's Viceregal speeches: "Never," said Lord Curzon, "let us shut our eyes to the poverty and the misery of India. But do not let us be so blind to the truth as not to see that there is an enormous improvement, that there is everywhere more money in the country, in circulation, in reserves, in investments, in deposits and in the pockets of the people; that the wages of labor have risen, that the standards of living among the poorest have gone up, that they employ conveniences and even luxuries which a quarter of a century ago were undreamed of, thereby indicating an all-round increase of purchasing power and showing that wherever taxation could be held to pinch we have reduced it, and may perhaps be able to do so still more. It is only fairness to acknowledge these facts; it is blind prejudice to ignore them." I commend that passage to the authors of the manifesto, and with it the proofs that Lord Curzon brought forward to sustain his thesis. He showed that between 1893-94 and 1904-05 the capital sunk by Government in railways and irrigation works increased by 56 per cent. and the capital invested by joint-stock companies in industrial undertakings by 23 per cent.; that the savings-banks deposits had gone up by 43 per cent., the private deposits in Presidency banks by 71 per cent., the deposits in other joint-stock banks by 130 per cent., the deposits in exchange banks by 95 per cent., Government paper held in India by 29 per cent. and the amount invested in Local Authorities' debentures by 90 per cent.; that the amount of income subject to income tax had increased by 29 per cent., the rupee circulation by 27 per cent. and the note circulation in active use by 68 per cent.; that imports had risen 35 per cent. and exports 48 per cent.; and that the productive debt had been increased by 69 crores and the non-productive debt diminished by 16 crores. Is there a

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business man or an economist anywhere who will declare these to be the signs of increasing poverty?

The poverty of the masses of the peoples of India is, it is true, abject and pitiable enough. But to charge it to British rule is grotesque. I have shown that under British rule prosperity is slowly but steadily advancing. I have shown that the sum paid into the treasury by the inhabitants of British India in rent and taxes combined is less than $1 a head per annum, and that of this sum the peasant, who represents three-fourths of the population, contributes on an average, I should judge, less than one-half. Taxation, therefore, cannot be the cause of Indian poverty. You might remit the whole of the land revenue and abolish the salt tax and the customs duties, and the *ryot* would still be miserably poor and famine would still recur. The fact is that the social habits of the peoples, their litigiousness, their improvidence, their antiquated methods of husbandry, and their reckless expenditure on dowries and wedding festivals, have infinitely more to do with their poverty than any external agency has or can have. A man will spend three or four years' income on his son's marriage, borrowing the money without hesitation from the village usurer, who charges from 12 to 75 per cent. interest per annum; and it is there, and not in the 50 cents or so per annum that he pays in rent and taxes, that the true source of the *ryot's* indebtedness is to be found. A great leader of the Hindu community, Sir T. Mahdava Rau, a man of unrivalled experience and unquestioned ability, and a strong critic on occasion of the British Raj, summed up the question in a sentence which I would advise the authors of the manifesto to ponder night and day before they again venture to express an opinion on Indian problems. "The longer one lives, observes and thinks," he declared, "the more does one feel that there is no community on the face of the earth which suffers less from political evils and more from self-inflicted, or self-accepted, or self-created, and therefore avoidable, evils than the Hindus." As for what the authors of the manifesto have to say about famines, I would point out, first, that they have grossly exaggerated their numbers and the mortality arising from them, and, secondly, that famines in India are primarily caused by the failure of the monsoons. When the rains are regular and abundant, agriculture is possible; when the rains are irregular or insufficient, the main industry of the country

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comes to a standstill and the Government is confronted with the problem of the unemployed on a scale beyond any Western experience. That the poverty of the masses greatly intensifies the strain of such catastrophes is, of course, true enough; but it is not less true that the wonderful system of famine prevention and relief devised by the British has enormously mitigated calamities that in former times used to be regarded as beyond the control of man, and that deaths from actual starvation have been reduced not, indeed, to vanishing-point, but immeasurably lower than in any previous period of Indian history.

There are many other points in this remarkable document that, if I had the space, I might challenge with equal success. In only one matter, indeed, do its authors seem to me to have reason, justice and truth on their side. I agree with all they say as to the unsatisfactory state of progress of education in India, and I am not without a certain qualified sympathy for their views on military expenditure. But outside of this I can find little or nothing in the way of statement, inference or argument that is not wholly at variance with the facts. These gentlemen, for instance, declare that the 30,000 miles of railroad built by the British in India have been controlled wholly by the prospect of strategic value and financial return to England, and that the revenue derived from them flows into the pockets of Englishmen. The fact is that of the 30,000 miles the state owns over 22,000, works them at a profit that is annually increasing and devotes the whole of this profit to the relief of taxation. They say that telegraphic and other news from India is closely censored by the Indian and British Government, whereas the fact is that no censorship of any kind or in any form exists. They declare that to-day fully one hundred editors are serving terms of from three to ten years in prison, many of them without trial, without having had opportunity to defend themselves, and in not a few cases without even having been informed of the nature of their offence; whereas the facts are that about seventy editors have been sentenced to prison, that all of them have been tried, that all have defended themselves and that all have been fully informed of the nature of their offence. They assert that India governed herself for thousands of years, whereas the fact is that every Empire which has held sway in India has been established by foreign conquest. They declare that British rule is based upon the funda-

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mental injustice of holding a people in subjection by the power of the sword, whereas the fact is that there is in India only one British soldier to every twenty square miles of territory and every four thousand of the peoples, and that of the armed forces of the Crown two-thirds are native troops. They state that agitation for reforms which in America or England would be regarded as mild in India is punished by open or secret arrest and incarceration, whereas the facts are that the National Congress has done nothing but agitate for reforms all the days of its existence without the slightest interference from the Government, that 8,000 native journals spend all their energies doing nothing else and that the Government itself has recently published two enormous Blue-books filled with agitation for reforms by men of all classes and from every point of view. They pronounce India to be a slave empire, declare that "the Indian people"—I wonder whom they mean by "the Indian people"—have no share in the Government, and even have the hardihood to assert that Lord Morley's reforms will effect no essential change; whereas the facts are that the natives of India carry on the bulk of the administrative work of the Peninsula, that native officials vastly outnumber British officials, that leading natives sit on all the legislative councils and are consulted as a matter of course before any measure is drafted, and that Lord Morley has not only admitted them to the highest executive tribunal in the country, has not only vested them with powers for determining how the revenues are to be raised and disposed of, but has placed vast spheres of policy and legislation under their almost unfettered control. It seems, indeed, impossible for the authors of the manifesto to touch on a single feature of British rule in India without committing some absurd blunder of which any well-informed boy of fifteen would be ashamed. They appear entirely unaware of the elementary facts that the British, and the British alone, voice, however imperfectly, the sentiments and guard, however inadequately, the interests of the dumb, toiling masses; that they and they alone rise calmly above the distracting animosities and clashing rivalries of race, creed and caste, and work and govern solely for the common good; that they alone, to the best of their abilities, represent justice, liberty and equal treatment for all, and protect at once the Hindu from the Mohammedan, and the Mohammedan from the Hindu, and the peasant from the landlord. SYDNEY BROOKS.

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THE INDIVIDUALITY OF THE SOUTH-AMERICAN REPUBLICS.

BY REV. FRANCIS E. CLARK, D.D., LL.D.

SOUTH AMERICA is usually regarded by the North-American, in his continental provincialism, as a congeries of little states, which, if they are worth studying at all, will be found to have very much the same history, traditions, resources and language, differing from each other little more than the States of the great North-American Republic.

Nothing could be farther from the truth. They are separated from each other by barriers as high and distinct as those which keep the Spaniards from amalgamating with the French, and which insure the integrity and individuality of such nations as Switzerland, Sweden and Holland. Even in the matter of language, though the southern continent is spoken of as "Latin America," it is by no means a unit, nor is it a Spanish-speaking continent. It might as well be called a Portuguese-speaking continent, for Brazil occupies fully half the country and contains more than half the population of South America, and Portuguese and not Spanish is the language of every citizen of Brazil. There, too, Portuguese and not Spanish customs, Portuguese and not Spanish architecture prevail, and the impress of King John and not of Ferdinand and Isabella is seen in the customs and the habits of the people.

But the Spanish-speaking republics differ almost as much from one another as they do from Portuguese Brazil, and it is as inaccurate to lump Peru and Venezuela or Chile and Colombia together as to consider Mexico and Massachusetts or Canada and Louisiana close kindred States.

Nature seems to have chosen to separate the two sides of South America, and to establish between them almost impassable bar-

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riers. There are no such lofty mountain ranges in North America, and no such impenetrable forests or vast stretches of malarial swamp to defy the railroad builder, the trolley-line contractor or the automobile owner. After all these centuries of occupation by Europeans, there is only one practicable route across South America, and the two ends of that are not yet joined by rail. One can go from Valparaiso on the Pacific coast to Buenos Ayres on the Atlantic in something like forty-eight hours, but it is still a hard and toilsome journey, with some six hours of difficult coaching over the crest of the Andes. Nowhere else is it yet possible to cross the continent from east to west, except at great expense of time and toil.

Thus it has come about that the west coast is as little known to the east coast, or the east coast to the majority of the people on the west coast, as North America and North-Americans are known to the people of our twin continent to the south. Indeed, I have no doubt that many countries in Europe, like Great Britain, Germany, Spain and France, are far better known to many of the people on the east coast of South America than their neighbors across the Andes on the west coast.

At several places in Ecuador, Peru and Chile one can penetrate for a few hundred miles from the Pacific Ocean into the interior, but the railroads that afford ingress into the interior have been built at enormous cost and only by overcoming the greatest engineering difficulties, for the Andes come close to the east shore for thousands of miles, and, after traversing a short, level plain, the roads begin to climb and climb; twelve thousand, fourteen thousand and almost fifteen thousand feet before they come to any opening that will enable them to pierce the Andes and reach the mines of gold and silver and copper and tin which have so successfully hidden their treasure behind these mighty ramparts.

When the railroads reach the mines they suddenly stop. There is as yet little inducement for them to extend their rails through the tropical jungles that lead to the Atlantic shore. Thus it will be seen that communication is difficult and necessarily rare between the two coasts. A few hundred people a week, at the most, may cross the continent from Argentina to Chile or in the reverse direction, whereas in North America hundreds of loaded trains, day and night, are rushing across the fertile fields and through the easy passes of the Rocky Mountains, weaving

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with their shuttles innumerable threads of communication between the two sides of our own continent.

A railway is now projected and in process of construction by way of La Paz, Bolivia, from the Pacific to the Atlantic, but it will be several years at least before this is open to traffic.

The differences in climate and productions between the east and the west sides of South America are most striking. They seem to have been meant for different races of men. The west coast is dry and arid for thousands of miles, from the northern edge of Peru well down toward the southern edge of Chile, and is almost absolutely rainless. All foodstuffs must either be raised by laborious irrigation or brought from the interior to the coast. As a consequence, the people on the west coast derive their living largely from the mines and from the products of the sea. Gold and silver, tin and copper, nitrate and guano, keep the wheels of commerce moving and furnish the raw material for their wealth.

Cross the mountains, however, and you will find yourself in another world. The dry, rainless coasts of Peru and Chile give place to the luxuriousness of Brazil, Uruguay and Argentina. Gold and silver and other metals are no longer sought to any considerable extent, but wheat and corn and cattle and coffee supply the wealth that any empire might covet. The mining population gives place to an agricultural people, and in the market-places and cafés one no longer hears of "pay streaks" and of "good color," but he hears the price of coffee, the yield of wheat to the acre and the value of hides and horns discussed.

Not only is it true that the east and the west coasts of South America have an individuality of their own, but each republic has its own traditions, its own problems, its own peculiarities and its own peculiar patriotism which considers no flag quite so precious as that which floats over its own soil, poor and insignificant as the republic may seem in the eyes of the rest of the world.

PANAMA.

It is worth while to consider each republic by itself, if we would know South America as it is. Beginning with Panama, on the north, she is fitly characterized as "the Country of the Great Ditch," for there is little besides the canal to give her a place upon the map of the world. To be sure, she has had a history which, in romantic interest, is out of all proportion to her size, for she was the "Snug Harbor" of adventurers and pirates and

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Spanish freebooters for centuries before the French and Americans set to work in good earnest to cut her territory in two. The City of Panama at one time was the richest city on the face of the globe, for here the buccaneers brought the wealth of the Incas, and the hundreds of millions of gold and silver ravaged from the temples and palaces of Peru and Ecuador, at least for a time, were stored in this city on the western side of Panama.

In spite of an interesting and checkered history, the future of Panama promises to be a more righteous if not a more interesting history than the past has been. Through the persistent vigilance of Colonel W. C. Gorgas, the disease-bearing mosquito has been banished, and with it has gone the immemorial twin curses of Panama, yellow fever and malaria. To-day, compared with what it has been in all the past ages, it may be regarded as an American health resort.

People of the United States, for the most part, do not yet realize that ours is now a South-American power, for since we own the strip of land five miles wide on either side of the canal this ten-mile strip, to all intents and purposes, is as much a part of the United States as the land on either side of the Erie Canal. The rights of the United States were defined by the treaty signed at Washington in 1903 as follows:

> "The Republic of Panama grants to the United States in perpetuity the use, occupation, and control of the land and land under water for the construction, maintenance, operation, sanitation and protection of said canal of a width of ten miles extending to the distance of five miles on each side of the centre line of the route of the canal to be constructed. . . . The Republic of Panama grants to the United States all the rights, power and authority within the zone . . . which the United States would possess and exercise if it were the sovereign of the territory . . . to the entire exclusion of the exercise by the Republic of Panama of any such sovereign right, power and authority."

Besides this, we have rights over any other land or water that may be "necessary or convenient for the construction, maintenance, operation, sanitation and protection of said canal." "This gives us a right" (which has been used) "to quell insurrections, to put down any serious disturbance, to enter every house in Colon or Panama, to inspect and reform its sanitary condition and to do about anything that needs to be done." Thus, to all intents and purposes, the most important ribbon of land in the Republic of Panama belongs to the United States. Its occupation was

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forced upon us by the necessities of the canal and does not indicate any hankering on the part of the American people for other South-American possessions.

COLOMBIA.

The Republic of Colombia shares with Panama the distinction of having a front door upon two oceans. With harbors on the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, one would think that she might be a great maritime power and a serious factor among the nations of the world; but, as a matter of fact, Colombia lives the hermit life. With harbors on the east coast that Bolivia or such countries as Russia or even Montenegro would bankrupt themselves to obtain, Colombia is content to have for her capital, inaccessible Bogatá, more than a week's journey, over an almost impassable trail, from the seacoast. No wonder that the outlying portions of the republic have felt that their connection with the republic was largely nominal, and that Panama was very glad when the psychological moment came to set up housekeeping for herself.

Yet Colombia has great resources, and with a progressive government and an educated people might become one of the great nations of the world. Like so many of the other South-American republics, she has been cursed with an unstable government, and selfish men have played politics throughout all her history for their own personal advantage. She has gone from the extreme of asserted state rights to an absolute dictatorship and has suffered from all the possible varieties of government between these extremes. Some fifty years ago Colombia adopted a new constitution, the sixth she had enjoyed in thirty years. The name was changed from "New Granada" to "the United States of Colombia," which was then made up of nine independent states. One article of the constitution declared that "when one sovereign state of the union shall be at war with another, or the citizens of any state shall be at war among themselves, the national Government is obligated to preserve the strictest neutrality." It was also provided in this constitution that, "in naming the eight generals provided for by the constitution, from whom must be chosen the commander-in-chief of the army, all Colombians over twenty-one years of age shall be considered generals of the republic." The constant civil wars which would result from such extreme views of state rights could easily be predicted, and after a score

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of years, during which there had been almost as many revolutions, a strong man, Raphael Nunez by name, became practically the dictator, and the United States of Colombia became the Republic of Colombia with a strong federal government. She has made but little progress and is one of the two or three comparatively hopeless and impossible nations of the southern hemisphere.

ECUADOR.

Ecuador, perhaps, may also count in this class, though she shows some signs of waking up from the sleep of ages. Guayaquil is so constantly infested with yellow fever that passengers, unless they desire to stay there, are frequently not allowed to land; but there is now on foot a movement to fight the mosquitoes and to transform this great port from a pest-house into a safe habitat of the human race, as Rio de Janeiro, Santos and Panama have been transformed. A railway has also been built from Guayaquil to Quito, and the capital city, nearly two miles above the sea, can no longer be said to be "one hundred years behind the moon," as the people of Guayaquil used to say. It is still called "the little mother of the Pope," and it is said that every fourth person you meet is a priest, a nun or an ecclesiastic of some sort; but doubtless this distinction will be lost in the progress of the years.

PERU.

Peru may justly be characterized "the Republic of Misfortune," for defeat and disaster have dogged her footsteps from the days of Pizarro until very recent times. Her early recorded history has been one of bloodshed and rapine almost inconceivable. The forty millions of people who inhabited the uplands of Peru and Ecuador were reduced, in less than a century of the awful misrule of the Spanish, to less than a million people. In spite of the natural increase, nearly ninety-eight per cent. of the people perished through violence and misrule. When at last she was able to throw off the Spanish yoke, she recovered something of her old prestige, and to this day you can see the dignified carriage and the proud bearing of the Incas of old in their decimated descendants who still occupy her vast mountain plateau.

But yet her troubles were not over. Revolution succeeded revolution, and at last in 1879 Chile, coveting her rich nitrate-fields, made war upon her and her ally Bolivia. It was a most un-

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righteous war, unrighteously carried on, but Victory, for a time at least, perched on the standards of might and not of right. Peru was defeated on land and sea. Her navy was destroyed. Her capital, Lima, was sacked. Her richest territories were annexed to Chile, and she was humiliated in every possible way. But Peru learned the lesson of misfortune and grew strong by reason of her disasters. She curtailed her expenses, sought to develop her own great resources, built railroads and opened mines, established her currency on a gold basis, so that now she is the only republic in South America whose undepreciated currency is the hard metal, not even represented by bank bills of any sort.

Take it all in all, Peru is to-day a more prosperous and happy nation than ever she has been in the last four centuries of recorded history, with a still brighter prospect before her, while her successful rival, Chile, as we shall see, like the young spendthrift who comes too soon into a great inheritance, has lost much of what she gained of war and is now suffering from troubles unknown to her vanquished rival.

BOLIVIA.

Bolivia may be designated "the Isolated and the Turbulent." Since the recent war with Chile, when she sided with Peru, she has been stripped of her last yard of seacoast, and now there is no way of entering this great republic of the plateau,—the third largest in all South America, a country that covers a territory larger than France, Belgium and Holland combined,—except through alien territory. Mollendo in Peru and Antofagasta in Chile, which are rivals for the unhappy distinction of being the worst ports in the world—indeed, mere open roadsteads—furnish the only access to Bolivia.

Then one must journey for two days and two nights, crossing the Andes at an elevation almost as high as the top of Mont Blanc in order to reach La Paz, the capital. If one goes by way of Mollendo, Lake Titicaca furnishes another barrier to the traveller. This largest lake in South America must be crossed, and some sixty miles on the other side lies the strangest capital in all the world. One travels along a lofty plateau, twelve thousand feet above the sea, with scarce a habitation in sight, until, suddenly, he comes to the edge of a vast precipice, and there far

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below him, twelve hundred feet from the top of the great crater, lies a city of 70,000 inhabitants, with its cathedrals, its public buildings and its many red-tiled dwellings. Most of these people are Indians, either full-blooded or half-breeds, who rejoice in wearing all the colors of the rainbow at the same time. Joseph's "coat of many colors" was scarcely a circumstance to the gorgeous array of the women of La Paz.

Shut away as the people are from the other civilized nations of the world, and even removed by almost impassable barriers from other South-American countries, it is not strange that they should have developed peculiarities that make Bolivia distinct in its national life and ideals. It has been one of the most turbulent of all the South-American republics, revolution has succeeded revolution at regular intervals, many of them bloody and disastrous. At last things came to such a desperate pass in Bolivia that England withdrew her diplomatic representatives and has for many years had no legation at La Paz, the business being done by a consular agent. To-day, however, Bolivia is by no means the most backward of the South-American states. She leads Venezuela, Colombia and Ecuador in her efforts for education and for the development of her resources. Her great copper and tin mines are wonderful magnets to draw the skill and wealth of the engineering world thither, and, in spite of many drawbacks and tremendous difficulties of access, Bolivia has doubtless a distinct and important place to fill in the sisterhood of nations.

CHILE.

If Peru is the "Republic of Misfortune," Chile may, with propriety, be called the "Fortunate Republic," for, from the beginning, she has suffered less from external attacks and internal dissensions than most of her immediate neighbors. There was little gold in her mountains to attract the cupidity of the Spanish adventurers, and Pizarro and his confrères happily left her severely alone. Her people were not killed or tortured, as were the Incas of Peru, and, though for centuries they were backward and unprogressive, they were comparatively unmolested. After a time, however, when the surface mines of Peru and Ecuador were largely exhausted, settlers turned their attention to Chile, and she had a rapid and normal development in many wealth-producing lines, chiefly agricultural and grazing. Her immi-

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grants were not Spaniards alone, but English, Scotch and Germans formed a very considerable percentage of her earlier inhabitants, and they gave a stability and progressive character to the republic which few others have enjoyed. Some pages of the directories of Valparaiso and Santiago read not unlike the directories of London or Glasgow or Belfast. O'Higgins, Mackenna, Walker, Edwards, Prat, Tupper, MacClure, Ross, Cumming, Day, are still leading names, and in most of the larger towns and many smaller ones we see Edwards Street and Walker Street and Prat Plaza and O'Higgins Square. Her greatest ironclad was named for the dashing young Irish governor, "Bernardo O'Higgins"—or "Oeegins," as the Chileans pronounce it.

Perhaps tempted by her good fortune in the past and expecting an easy victory, Chile attacked the allies, Peru and Bolivia, in order to obtain the rich nitrate-fields in the provinces of Tacna and Arica. She gained her immediate object and without much difficulty, as has been said, conquered her two neighbors and seized the greatest source of their wealth. To-day she owns all the undeveloped nitrate-fields and holds the best of them at about $2,000 an acre. It is believed that there is enough nitrate known to exist to last the world, at the present rate of consumption, for more than two hundred years.

In a single month, after Chile had captured the nitrate beds from Peru, her revenues had doubled. In other words, all her customs revenues on all other articles combined are not equal to her revenue from this one article, of which she annually exports more than $30,000,000 worth. But her prosperity, as is often the case with individuals, was her undoing. She grew extravagant, her finances became unsettled, her people discontented, her easily acquired wealth was spent as easily, and her "get-rich-quick" plans landed her in the same orifice in which they have many an individual. Her currency is now greatly depreciated, and, though her recuperative powers are large, and she will doubtless regain her prestige, her ancient enemy, Peru, is to-day in better financial and industrial condition than the victor in the war of 1879.

ARGENTINA.

When we cross the Andes and come to Argentina, we find that the story of Cinderella the Princess has been almost literally repeated in the history of this great and prosperous republic. For many, many years, in the early centuries of the Spanish

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dominion, Argentina was the despised and neglected sister of South America. She had no gold or silver to attract the adventurers; they were blind to her agricultural and commercial possibilities, and everything possible was done to build up the west coast states to the detriment of the east coast. A monopoly of trade was given to certain merchants of Cadiz, who made it a crime for any one to trade with Buenos Ayres, and decreed that all European exports and imports should be unloaded on the shore of the Isthmus of Panama, carried across the Isthmus, reloaded, shipped down the west coast to Callao, nearly two thousand miles, again disembarked and carried by mules over the almost inaccessible Andean passes to Argentina. Of course goods thus sent could only be sold at prohibitive prices. For a full century this fatuous policy was continued, but still Buenos Ayres persisted in growing, and the trade on the River Plate increased, though of course it was largely a contraband trade.

Gradually these oppressive laws were relaxed, and the country was allowed to grow as it would, without any encouragement, however, from the home Government; and it was not until the very end of the eighteenth century that any attention was paid by Spain to this province which, potentially, was one of the richest of all. In the first quarter of the nineteenth century Argentina, like the rest of the Spanish republics, achieved her independence, and since then Cinderella has developed into the Princess.

In many respects, it is the richest and most progressive of all the South-American republics. Brazil is the only one that can compete with Argentina, and that largely because of her vastly greater territory and larger population. There is far more *per capita* wealth, doubtless, in Argentina than in any South-American country, and Buenos Ayres must rank as one of the greatest cities of the world from whatever point we view it. It has the distinction of being a record city in more respects than one. It is the largest Spanish-speaking city in the world, the second largest Latin city, the largest of all in South America, while only two in North America exceed her in population.

Argentina is beyond everything else a great agricultural state. For 175 miles the transcontinental railroad runs without a turn or a curve over an absolutely straight and level plain, and there is but one bend in this road for several hundred miles. It is

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one continuous, uninterrupted wheat-field or pasture—a field and pasture of the richest soil known to man, unless it be in our own Mississippi Valley. Thus it is pre-eminently the agricultural state of South America, and while Buenos Ayres is a city of vast commercial importance, and though it counts within its boundaries more millionaires, probably, than any city in the world, certainly of its size, the wealth of these millionaires and the commercial importance of the city depend upon the great fields of grain and the vast pastures for cattle which stretch interminably north and south and west from the city on La Plata.

URUGUAY.

Uruguay, the smallest of the South-American states, except Peru, has fewer distinctive characteristics than most of her sisters. She is largely one great cattle range. Her wealth consists in her flocks and herds, and her one port of importance, Montevideo, gives her an outlet, happily situated, to command a considerable portion of the trade of the continent.

If we sought for a distinctive name, she might be called "The Land of Revolutions," though she shares this dubious distinction with a number of her sister republics. It is said that there has been, on the average, a revolution every two years in Uruguay since her escape from the dominion of Spain, some ninety years ago. If this is not an absolutely exact tally, it is because they come so often that the count has been lost. Of late years, however, Uruguay, together with the other South-American states, has shown far more stability than her best friends believed was possible for her mercurial people, and there is really a happy vista of prosperity before her.

PARAGUAY.

Her neighbor, Paraguay, a thousand miles up the River Plate, must be reckoned with the backward and unprogressive states of South America. This is partly due to her isolated position, which shuts her off even more thoroughly from the rest of the world than Bolivia, but her checkered and unhappy history has much to do with her present condition. Few countries have been more unfortunate in their rulers than Paraguay. Though a republic in name for the last ninety years, she has been much of the time under the control of heartless and selfish dictators. Dr. Francia was one of the most odious tyrants that ever wielded, under the name of president, the supreme power of dictator. He was first

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chosen, like Napoleon, whom he seemed to emulate, one of the two consuls of Paraguay. He soon pushed the other consul out of the way and became the absolute monarch of this little state. He had himself declared "Supreme Perpetual Dictator" and assumed the title "El Supremo."

His strange power has thus been graphically described:

"As he grew older, he became more solitary and ferocious. . . . His severities against the educated classes increased. He suffered from frequent attacks of hypochondria. He ordered wholesale executions, and when he died seven hundred political prisoners filled the jails. His moroseness increased year by year. He feared assassination and occupied several houses, letting no one know where he was going to sleep from one night to another and when walking the streets kept his guards at a distance before and behind. Woe to the enemy or suspect that attracted his attention! Such was the terror inspired by the dreadful old man that the news that he was out would clear the streets. A white Paraguayan dared not utter his name. During his lifetime he was 'El Supremo,' and after he was dead for generations he was referred to simply as 'El Defunto.' For years when men spoke of him they looked behind them and crossed themselves as if dreading that the mighty old man could send devils to spy upon them—at least this is the story of Francia's enemies, who have made it their business to hand his name down to execration."

He was succeeded by a still more terrible tyrant, Francisco Lopez, who embroiled his country in war with Brazil, Argentina and Uruguay. Probably no such bloody and relentless war has been recorded in modern history as this. It lasted for six years, from 1864-1870, and no less than 225,000 Paraguayan men and 100,000 adult women died in battle or of hardships and hunger. At the close of the war less than 25,000 men survived, and the women outnumbered the men five to one. For years all cultivation of the ground was brought almost to a standstill. There was no one to till the fields or care for the cattle, and though Paraguay is recovering and is enjoying a comparatively decent government to-day, it may still be considered the sorrowful sister of South America, mourning for the devoted men and women and children who were sacrificed to the lust of a bloody and unscrupulous tyrant.

BRAZIL.

It is pleasant to turn from such scenes of carnage and destruction to "Brazil, the Boundless," a country larger than the United States of America outside of Alaska, and a country with resources as varied and wealth as great, though still undeveloped,

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as our own great republic. Here, on the lowlands or the high table-lands, grows everything that the temperate or tropical zones can furnish. Here are found vast waterways, great prairies and splendid cities; diamonds and precious stones, minerals and tropical products, and all things that make a country prosperous and powerful.

The development of Brazil has been far more happy and peaceful, on the whole, than that of the Spanish-speaking republics. She has never been cursed by the gold-seekers as they have, and for more than one hundred years has enjoyed a comparatively quiet and peaceful development.

Though nominally an empire, under the rule of Dom Pedro I and good Dom Pedro II, her citizens enjoyed great liberty of travel, of business and of conscience as well, and when the time came that Brazil thought she might as well set up a republic of her own, and no longer enjoy the distinction of being the only monarchy in America, the transition was effected without the shedding of a drop of blood. The good Emperor did not seek to rally a single regiment of soldiers to defend his throne, but quietly went on board the ship provided for him and sailed for Portugal, carrying in his heart a deep and abiding love for Brazil and, in spite of his dethronement, the respect and affection of the Brazilians.

Brazil is still largely an undeveloped nation, a country of illimitable resources and vast possibilities. Considering her territory, her undeveloped wealth or her opportunities to expand in the future, we may well call her "Brazil, the Boundless." In her coffee plantations alone, which practically supply the world, Brazil has a source of almost incalculable wealth.

Of all capitals that I have ever visited, Rio de Janeiro impressed me as the most beautiful for situation and with the largest possibilities for future growth. The architecture of the new Rio is superb. Within the last six years the great city has waked up, has banished "Yellow Jack," has greatly increased her wealth and population, has built miles of new streets through the very heart of the old city and has become "the City Beautiful" of the two Americas.

VENEZUELA.

But one more republic remains to be considered in this hasty purview of the eleven independent nationalities of South America.

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This is the "Bad Boy" of the continent, the republic of Venezuela. Here, too, are great resources, abundant undeveloped wealth of all kinds, but an unprogressive, rebellious people, led by stiff-necked rulers. Though Castro's government has come to an end, and he is succeeded by a milder despot, yet the whole idea of government and of the dignity of a republic must be taught to this people before it can be worthy of a place in the family of nations.

Relying for immunity from chastisement upon its insignificance and inaccessibility, Venezuela has presumed upon the patience of the civilized powers more than any other country in the world. That it has escaped a whipping so long is accounted for by the same reason that the teacher often neglects to see what the "bad boy" is doing, lest the correction give him too much trouble and too largely distract the attention of the rest of the school.

I have tried to make plain in this brief account of the individuality of the South-American republics what I have learned from actually visiting most of them—that they cannot be understood unless they are studied sympathetically and each one as an integral factor among the nations of the world. You cannot reason from one to another. You cannot learn what Argentina will do or be by studying Venezuela or Colombia. The story of the development of Bolivia gives no clue to the future of Paraguay. As I have already said, they are as distinctive in their national characteristics, their aspirations, their hopes and their patriotism as the countries of Europe that lie side by side and occupy a much smaller territory than South America.

While their development will doubtless have many features in common, and while some of the republics will keep step with each other near the advance-guard of civilization, others will lag far behind. The differences between them will doubtless be accentuated more in the future than in the past. Eventually one or more of these stronger republics may so dominate and overshadow the weaker ones as to absorb their commerce and thus unite them under one flag; but that day is far distant, and doubtless any one of them, even the weakest and poorest, would to-day fight to the bitter end and die in the last ditch rather than haul down its own beloved flag or yield allegiance to any other nation.

FRANCIS E. CLARK.

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THE MODERN SHORT STORY.

BY W. J. DAWSON.

I.

THE point at which any true appreciation of the short story begins is the clear perception that it is a distinct form of art; and the reason why the older novelists so rarely succeeded in the short story is that they did not apprehend this. If we bear in mind the three principles, that the short story must be complete in itself, that it is short because it cannot be long, and that it consists of a single incident, we can readily apply a critical test, which, while not infallible, nevertheless affords a valuable means of discrimination. Let us take the test of completeness and apply it to Dickens's exquisite story of "Boots at the Holly Tree Inn." The story as Dickens writes it straggles over a great variety of themes. We have an embittered lover, a detailed description of a mail-coach journey, of a snow-storm, of an inn, of his own ennui, of his own curious imaginings, elaborated in thousands of words, before he reaches the real story which the Boots at the Holly Tree has to tell. No fewer than thirty-seven pages consist of extraneous matter, while the story itself is told in thirteen pages. It is not until the Boots begins to speak that the story begins; up to this point we are engaged in the tedious reflections of Charles Dickens, mixed with a great amount of totally irrelevant detail. Dickens himself must have been conscious of these defects, for when he prepared the story for a public reading he ruthlessly cut away all about the mail-coach, the snow-storm, the struggling horses, and so forth, and came at once to the incident which the Boots repeats with so much humor and pathos. Why, then, did he not write the story in this form? Simply because he had not grasped the principle that a short story must be complete in itself. The moment he

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brought his work to the test of oral and dramatic delivery this principle was discovered clearly enough. And it may be added that there is no better test of any story than to read it aloud. When a story is read aloud, the interest of the hearer is in exact proportion to the direct appeal of the story; and the inattention of the hearer is the sure indication of the lack of direct appeal. The hearer of a spoken story resents everything in the nature of excrescence; he finds mere description tedious; he is intent only on the living issue. Dickens discovered this when he submitted his work to an oral test; the true short-story writer will not need such a test to teach him the law of dramatic completeness.

In contrast let us take such a story as Kipling's "Matter of Fact," not because it is his best story, but because here also there is a great amount of description. But with Kipling the description is vital to the story, whereas in Dickens it is not. The story begins abruptly with a rapid sketch of three journalists on a tramp steamer making for Southampton. The dramatic note is instantly struck in the cry of the sweating steersman that something is wrong with the sea, that it is bewitched. To describe this sea, with its oily surface, its sudden inexplicable upheaval and run of gray water, is legitimate art, because it is all necessary to the fearful apparition of the wounded sea-serpent, flung up from the ice-cold depths of ocean by the explosion of a submarine volcano. And although the story ends in London, yet its unity is never violated; and, more wonderful still, although it ends in ridicule and humor, yet its impression of horror is not destroyed. In this case Kipling's powers of description do not hinder his story; they are not felt to be excrescence; and for this reason: that they are vitally necessary to the theme. We do not need the snow-storm and the mail-coach to explain the eloping children in Dickens's story; we do need the horror of the bewitched sea to explain the state of mind in the three journalists. We can cut away three-fourths of Dickens's story, as he himself did when he made it a public reading, without essential loss, and indeed with positive gain; we cannot spare a single sentence of Kipling's without deterioration of the total effect. The one does not obey the law of essential completeness and the other does.

Let us apply the second test, that the short story is short because it cannot be long. A good example of the reverse of this principle may be found in Hardy's great tale of "The Withered

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Arm." It is a most dramatic story and may rank among the great achievements of Hardy's genius. It concerns a group of persons, each drawn with vital truth: a farmer who brings home a young and sweet woman as his bride; a wronged woman, who has a son by the farmer, and a wise man or wizard. The bride's arm withers and she loses the love of her husband. The illegitimate son commits arson and is condemned to death. The young wife goes to the gaol that she may put her withered arm on the neck of a man newly hanged, having been told by the wizard that this is an ancient form of cure. The hanged man is her husband's son, and she meets her husband as he stands overwhelmed with grief and contrition beside his son's corpse. Here is a story capable of great elaboration. Considered only as a plot, it is as full of dramatic possibilities as "Tess of the D'Urbervilles." Obviously it might have been treated with the same fulness; all that is needed is an elaboration of incidents, such as Hardy excels in; as, for example, the previous history of the wronged woman, the events leading up to the marriage of the farmer, the character of the outcast son and the general background of country life and manners. So treated, it might have taken rank with the greatest of Hardy's novels; Hardy chose to compress it within the limits of forty pages. But this compression is purely arbitrary. Its result is an abbreviated novel, but not a short story. The single incident of the woman visiting the gaol to find a cure for her disease in a horrible experiment, sanctioned by superstition, might have composed a legitimate short story; as it is the result is a miniature novel, which has all the characteristics of the novel except its length and none of the features of a short story.

If we contrast with this Quiller-Couch's story of "The Drawn Blind," we at once see the difference in method. Here also we have the story of a son who is hanged and the pathetic invulnerable faith of the mother in his innocence. These two persons, in their mutual relations, compose the entire story. The mother is so certain of the acquittal of her son that she has prepared a feast for him on his release; when the fatal verdict is announced, she extinguishes the lights and drops the blind. That is all. There is obviously not enough material here for a novel; but there is just enough for a successful short story. Spread out into a novel the interest could not be sustained; and the incident itself is so dramatic that any additional incidents would weaken the

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effect. But as a short story it is perfect. It could be told in no other way. And this we may take as a sufficing test. Of the short story proper, it is always true that it could be nothing else but what it is. If it could just as well have been elaborated into a novel, it is not a short story, but only a novel in miniature.

And this gives sanction to the third principle of the short story—viz., that it consists not of several related incidents, but of one incident. In a sense this is untrue to nature, because in actual life every incident is related to some other incident, of which it is either the cause or the effect. But one can pluck a rose without investigating the secrets of its growth, and it is not necessary to trace that growth through all the series of its vicissitudes in order to be aware of its charm, its color or its fragrance. If art violates nature in giving us the unrelated incident, it is for the sound reason that art leaves much to the imagination. We may know too much as well as too little for a just appreciation of art. The great artist is he who knows how to interest without fatiguing us; who gives us just enough knowledge of his theme to invest with overwhelming significance what he chooses to reveal; who makes one's imagination the confederate with his own by leaving us to supply much which he only suggests.

Thus Dickens fails in the story already described, because he tells us more than we want to know; and many other writers fail by attempting to blend several incidents instead of centralizing the attention on one. Hardy fails for the same reason in "The Withered Arm," considered as a short story; he gives us a series of incidents legitimate enough in a novel, but confusing in a short story. But Kipling succeeds in the best of his stories by his perfect centrality of aim. He has a single situation to depict, and he is not distracted from it for a moment by any side issues. We do not want to know anything more about his three pressmen who see the dying sea-serpent than what he chooses to tell us. The central incident is the sea-serpent, and the central interest is the effect on each man's mind of what he sees. Had he told us how the three men came together, how one had gone in quest of gold to South Africa, and another had fought in a native war, and the third had explored the mountains of the Moon, however vividly he might have written, he would nevertheless have spoiled his story. No amount of fine writing could have atoned for confusion of interest. The finest writing in a

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short story is that which takes us quickest to the very heart of the matter in hand.

The most characteristic note of the short story is then *immediacy*. It is of its very essence that it should be dramatic from the start. If it fails to arrest attention with its first paragraph it is likely to fail altogether. It affords no opportunity for that slow building-up of character and situation which is common in the practice of the novelist's art. This method which is perfectly legitimate and even compulsory to the novelist is wholly impossible to the short-story writer. The short story stands related to the novel very much as the vivid impressionist sketch does to the painstaking picture. The picture is built up by months of toil; its final harmony is the result of thousands of little strokes, of much stippling and repainting. But the sketch is achieved with a full brush in a confident hand and conveys its impression instantly. Oscar Wilde once said of Kipling's stories that they were "life seen by flashes of vulgarity." One may ignore the charge of vulgarity, but there is no doubt about the flash. It was by virtue of this incomparable directness, this rapid confident brush-work, that Kipling at once arrested the attention of the public. "His name was Charlie Mears"—so Kipling begins what he calls "The Finest Story in the World" without preface, without preliminary. No wonder the literary scribes and pharisees were offended in him. According to their traditions, all stories should begin by a leisurely approach, and there was something almost brutal in this abruptness. The ancient school of landscape art in the same way had a tradition that there was a certain place in a landscape where a brown tree must appear, and the tradition was held sacred until suddenly Turner startled the world with masses of living color in which no brown tree appeared. From that hour landscape art was revolutionized. And a similar revolution of literary ideals has followed the triumph of the short-story writer. He has taught the novelists themselves the value of immediacy, and, while the novelist of the older school still clings to the law of slow approach, almost all the newer writers have learned how to cut away preliminaries and to get at the heart of their story with a celerity which would have scandalized the writers of an earlier generation.

It must not be assumed, however, that because the short story occupies but a small canvas it is therefore inferior to the novel,

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for this would constitute bulk as the standard of value. The entire witness of art, in all its branches, is hostile to such a conclusion. A fine intaglio may be as great a work of art as a Grecian statue; a square foot of Gerald Dow's painting is much more valuable than one of Haydon's interminable yards of canvas; and a lyric of a dozen lines of Burns is much more precious than a hundred epical pages of "The Earthly Paradise." The fact is that it is much more difficult to write a perfect short story than a successful novel. It demands superior gifts of concentration, of ingenuity, of fantasy, of originality, of dramatic intensity, of exquisite craftsmanship. The novel can afford to have its lapses, its relatively dull moments, its pages of reflection; it even gains by them, for they afford a necessary contrast to its dramatic climax. But the short story can afford to have nothing of the kind. The eagerness of its movement must be continuous and sustained. And this is, perhaps, why the regular novelist so rarely succeeds in the short story. His entire training is against him. He is usually too deliberate, too discursive; his touch is not light enough, his method is not sufficiently rapid. He frequently betrays his ignorance of his medium at every turn. He writes condescendingly or reluctantly; he makes us feel that he grudges throwing away a good *motif;* or he adopts some purely mechanical device, such as combining a series of episodes, which are neither in themselves short stories nor in their combination a true novel. The latter method was adopted by Barrie in his "Window in Thrums" and by Ian Maclaren in his "Bonnie Briar Bush." The result is not unpleasant; but the various episodes do not stand by themselves and therefore are not short stories. For no writer will ever succeed in the art of the short story who does not thoroughly understand that it is a form of art wholly separate from any other; and that it is also a form of art which is at once so difficult and delicate that it worthily challenges the highest qualities of genius.

As regards the throwing away of a good *motif,* it is undoubtedly true that a man cannot enter on the career of the short-story writer who is parsimonious in *motifs.* But the extravagance is more apparent than real, for the reason that the *motif* which makes a great short story can rarely be utilized in any other way. It is possible to expand a short story into a novel; Mr. A. E. W. Mason has done it successfully in "The Four Feathers."

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It is possible to transform it into a play; Mr. Jerome has done it in the "Passing of the Third Floor Back." But such instances must be ranked with the exceptions. As a rule, the essential factor in a great short story is that it can be expressed in no other way with anything like the same success. Who would attempt to create a novel out of Kipling's sea-serpent story, out of the "Incarnation of Khrisna Mulvaney," out of "The Finest Story in the World"? We recognize at once how impossible such a feat would be. And therein lies both the claim and the justification of the short story. Life consists both of prolonged sequences and of flashing episodes. The first afford the material of the novelist, the second of the short-story writer. And life is so rich in episode to the observant and adventurous that he is much more likely to suffer from embarrassment of material than from poverty. It may be true that all the plots of the novelist have been used before, but that is only because the novelist persists in the use of a certain type of plot. But the episodical wealth of life is inexhaustible. A year's study of a daily newspaper may furnish the short-story writer with more material than he is likely to utilize in a lifetime. A face seen in a crowd, gossip overheard in a tavern, a conversation at a street door, the revelations of hostile eyes in meeting or in parting, the sudden passing of insignificant men and women across the beam of his questing searchlight—these are enough to excite his imagination, to start the wheels of fantasy; and if he will but continue to see vividly the dramatic possibilities of life, and to report truthfully what he sees, he need never lack material for the warp and woof of the stories he can spin.

II.

So long as the three-volume novel reigned supreme and magazines held to the tradition of the long serial, there was neither opportunity nor motive for the British writer to practise the art of short-story writing. But the conditions which repressed the short story in England acted powerfully for its benefit in America.

If we investigate the position of the American writer of fiction of the last century some extremely interesting facts are noticeable. The chief of these facts is that almost all the novels read by the American public were of British origin. There was no international copyright law, and the most that a British novelist could do to secure any reward from America was to sell advance

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sheets of his book to an American publisher. Obviously this was a very exiguous device to protect his interests. It broke down the moment his book was pirated, which it invariably was within a few weeks of its publication in London. Not only was it pirated, but sold broadcast at extremely low prices. It is patent that the American novelist had no chance at all in this competition. Who would buy the work of a native author of local fame when he could purchase for a trifle the latest novel of Dickens or Thackeray? The result was that there was a very poor market for native fiction. The pirate publisher of those days did a great deal more than injure the British author by robbing him of his just reward; he injured yet more fatally the American author *by robbing him of all chance of successful authorship.*

Driven from the field of legitimate fiction by unjust competition, there was but one road to success left open to him—the magazine and the short story. Here, at least, he was free from rivalry, for here was a demand which could not be supplied from British sources. Therefore, it was to the short story that the rising school of American writers of fiction devoted their attention. Among these writers Washington Irving and Hawthorne and Poe stand supreme. Irving excelled in the brief sketch rather than the short story proper. It is only at a certain heat of the creative faculty that he attains pure narrative. Grave, wise, genial, he is apt to write with leisurely ease, in a mood of reflection rather than with directness and intensity. Hawthorne displays the same tendency, though in a much less degree. He is apt to delay his dramatic moment by philosophical observation, to be tediously analytical when the theme demands intensity, to stifle the fire of his imagination under a dull weight of pedantry. It may even be said that Hawthorne's true and fine genius often appears to work in some obstructive medium; at least that is the impression which he frequently produces on the reader. It may have been distrust of his own powers, a kind of intellectual shyness, a native difficulty in speaking out. It may have arisen in large degree from his own inborn habits of introspection and metaphysical analysis. It may have consisted of a constantly changing combination of all these forces. But whatever it was, it was there, a resisting medium which gives the sense of effort to his work. In all his best work he conquers this obstruction. And in the short story he is at his best. His outstanding claim

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is that he applies a profound psychology to the art of fiction. He deals not with the surfaces of life, but with the depths. He delights in the exploration of what Arthur Hallam called "the abysmal depths of personality. He has a keen eye for the dramatic moment. His themes are uniformly significant and often of extraordinary fascination. In all that concerns the technique of the short story he is a great master. This technical excellence has been again and again recognized, and by later critics so completely that they have unhesitatingly chosen some of Hawthorne's stories as the perfect models of what a short story ought to be.

But the true creator of the modern short story in American literature is neither Irving nor Hawthorne: that honor belongs to Poe. Poe brought to his task precisely those gifts most essential to achievement: a powerful reason of unusual subtlety, an imagination of extraordinary vividness, a faculty of observation only less extraordinary, and, above all, a mind wholly free, wholly unfettered by tradition and almost insolently scornful of accepted canons. His self-confidence is superb; in a man less singularly gifted it would have been ridiculous. His originality is unquestioned; and the witness to this originality is found in the fact that he was the first man to recognize completely the artistic possibilities of the short story. He found in it a sufficient vehicle for the expression of his genius. He brought to it the highest and rarest genius not only of his age, but of his nation. Both in poetry and in short-story writing Poe stands first in the literature of America.

Poe excelled equally in three kinds of story: the story of ingenuity, the story of adventure and the story of horror. To take the first, what stories have surpassed in ingenuity the "Murders in the Rue Morgue" and the "Purloined Letter"? Here we have in its perfection the method of deduction which Conan Doyle has so successfully copied in his Sherlock Holmes. The same ingenuity, differently applied, distinguishes the great story of "The Gold-Bug." Many writers have since used cryptograms and concealed in them the secrets of hidden treasure, but there is not one who has ever surpassed Poe in this kind of story. The "Descent into the Maelstrom" and the "Adventure of Hans Pfaall" are equally unique examples of the story of adventure. The latter found an imitator in Jules Verne, but

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the Frenchman's "Voyage to the Moon" is a dreary pedestrian performance compared with the imaginative daring of Poe's narrative. In the story of horror no one has ever pretended to rival him; and it may be questioned if Stevenson would ever have written "Markheim" had not Poe first written the "Tell-Tale Heart." The mere fact that we can thus trace the influence of Poe among the most recent and the greatest of modern story-writers is conclusive evidence of his profound originality. His was a truly seminal mind fecund with ideas. Without models, without a single counselling voice and without any real recognition or encouragement, he discovered the value of the short story, endowed it with form and method, devoted his rare gifts to its perfection and did each of these things so completely that his own stories have become classic, the value of his method has never been disputed and the form which he gave the short story has become the model of succeeding writers.

Perhaps, however, the chief contribution of Poe to the art of the short story lies not so much in form or method as in fantasy. Thus in the "Murders in the Rue Morgue" he fails in immediacy. Again, in "The Gold-Bug" the interest is wrought to the highest pitch when the treasure is found, and the explanation of the cryptogram, infinitely ingenious as it is, coming *after* the finding of the treasure, has the effect of an anti-climax. Kipling, telling the same story, would probably have commenced with the discovery of the cryptogram and have found a true climax in the finding of the treasure. But this is, after all, to say no more than that the technique of the short story has advanced with the practice of the art. The unique claim of Poe is that he endowed the short story with fantasy. He gave it wings, opened the heavens of imagination to it, made it almost a form of poetry and put it on the highest level of literary art. One fault he had which cannot be excused: he took a morbid delight in the horrible. This is a constant temptation to the short-story writer. It arises from the need to produce an instant and deep impression; and such an impression is most readily produced by an illicit appeal to fear. Stevenson makes this appeal in "Thrawn Janet"; Kipling in many of his stories, notably "The Return of Imray"; Fanu almost always. In going over the vast literature of short stories, it has been a surprise to the writer to discover how many of them are stories of pure terror. That such stories may have

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qualities of art is undeniable; yet simply because the appeal to terror is so easily made, it is a kind of appeal which should be very sparingly used. The use which Poe makes of it is constant and therefore illicit. This is his chief fault. Yet against it must be reckoned his extraordinary power of fantasy, and this gift raises his worst theme into the realm of the creative imagination. Poe was essentially a poet, a poet whose genius moved habitually on the darker side of life and was deeply tainted by the morbid and the abnormal. It is because he was so essentially a poet that even an illicit theme is redeemed by the wonderful splendor of the imagination with which he bathes it.

For, after all, technique is not everything, a truth upon which some insistence needs to be laid to-day because its value is often overestimated. Thus, for example, in what must certainly be reckoned as one of the greatest of all Kipling's stories, "The Man Who would be King," there is a wilful disregard of the law of immediacy which he uses in many shorter stories with such superb effect. This story has three distinct episodes. The first concludes on the railway station at Marwar Junction when he delivers Carnehan's enigmatic message to the red-bearded man in the second-class compartment. The second begins in the newspaper office when Carnehan and Dravot unfold their daring plan of becoming Kings and ends with the starting of the Afghan caravan. The third, which contains the real story, occurs three years later, when Carnehan relates the marvellous adventures of himself and Dravot in Kafiristan, and concludes with that noble touch of fantasy when Carnehan stands in the blinding sun singing:

> "The Son of God goes forth to war
> A golden crown to gain,
> His blood-red banner streams afar
> Who follows in His train."

The laws of technique are violated, but surely it would be the merest pedantry to insist that therefore this is not a true short story. The sympathetic reader, thrilled with its pathos and its daring, astonished by its imaginative power, conscious of its Homeric bigness, will at once reply that it is at all events a great story, that it is indeed among the greatest of all stories in the English tongue, and he would be right. No, technique is not everything. It is no more than the servant of the shaping

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creative force and must not be allowed to be its master. If it be not elastic enough to serve the end of the creative force, that force will certainly discard and transcend it. By all means let the writer study technique; it is as useful to him as the life class and the art school are to the artist. But let him also recollect that technique alone never yet made a great artist. It is at best but the weapon of success; for while a writer may succeed with an imperfect knowledge of technique, it is certain that he cannot succeed without the creative imagination. To forget this is to magnify the lesser things of the law and to forget the eternal verities.

And this is but to say in plainer language that in all forms of literary art, it is personality that counts for most. Great writing is always the expression of great personality. It is well to be acquainted with the unities of composition, but if that is all we know nothing awaits us but barrenness and failure. When a Shakespeare arises, he pours such floods of flame into the old dramatic forms that they are utterly dissolved, and none regret them but the pedants, with whom form counts for more than spirit. Here, as elsewhere, it is the letter that killeth, it is the spirit that giveth life. The cardinal questions to be addressed to a writer of short stories are these: Has he any vital message to communicate? Has he any sincere experience to impart? Has he seen life for himself, from his own angle of vision, and seen it truthfully and completely? Has he the creative force that makes us see what he sees, feel what he has felt, comprehend what he has comprehended? These are the inexorable questions, and the greatest writers of short stories have been those who could answer them most thoroughly. Such interrogations are not to be evaded on the plea of technique; personality transcends technique. The short story, more than any other form of literature, must have individuality; and to have it it must be impregnated with the personality of the writer. It is from this source that it derives its color, its charm, its power to arrest and please. Poe and Kipling, Stevenson and Hawthorne, write nothing that is not impregnated with personality, and this is the deepest secret of their fame. The most miraculous color in the picture is always that which is derived from the life-blood of the artist.

W. J. Dawson.

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SALE OF AMERICAN SECURITIES IN FRANCE.

BY FRANK D. PAVEY.

In connection with a recent negotiation with French bankers I found it necessary to investigate the question of the sale of American securities in France. This question is of interest to American bankers and promoters who have securities or enterprises for sale, and to French bankers and investors who are constantly seeking new channels for the safe and profitable investment of the great savings of the French people. It is estimated that the savings of the French people available for investment amount to $400,000,000 yearly. It is the opinion of men well informed upon the subject that the French market would absorb American securities to the amount of $100,000,000 a year if American bankers and corporations would comply with the requirements of the French law in regard to the sale of foreign securities in France, and if the form and character of the securities were made to conform to the ideas and customs of French bankers and investors.

There are no insuperable legal difficulties in the way of the introduction and sale of American securities in France. This is particularly true in regard to bonds, for reasons which will appear in the course of this article. The payment of the taxes required by law on the issue and sale of securities in France imposes a burden upon the business which must be paid out of the profits. These taxes are as follows:

1. *Droit de timbre.* This is a stamp tax on the issue of securities by a corporation. In the case of a foreign corporation, it is collected only on those securities which the corporation proposes to offer for sale in France. It may be paid in one instalment or by annual payments during the life of the corporation issuing the securities. If paid annually, the tax is 6 centimes on 100

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francs of nominal value. This is equivalent to 6 cents on $100 of par value, or $6 upon 100 shares of the par value of the par of $100 each. On an issue of $1,000,000 of securities for sale in France this annual charge is $600. In the case of a French corporation, if the life of the corporation does not exceed ten years, this tax may be paid in one payment of 60 centimes on each 100 francs of nominal value; 60 cents on each $100 of par value. If the life of the corporation exceeds ten years, the tax may be paid in one instalment of 1 franc 20 centimes on each 100 francs of nominal value; $1.20 on each $100 of par value. If a foreign company pays this tax in one instalment, the rate is higher, being two per cent. of the nominal value, or $2 on each $100 of par value. It is the only point in which the taxes on the securities of a foreign corporation are greater than the taxes on the securities of a French corporation.

2. *Impôt sur le revenu.* The dividends on shares and the interest on bonds are subject to an annual tax of four per cent. on the amount of the dividends or interest. This is a tax of four per cent. on incomes derived from the securities of corporations. In the case of a bond of $1,000 paying interest at five per cent., this tax will amount to $2 yearly. The net income will be 4.8 per cent. instead of 5 per cent. This tax is also levied on the annual payments for amortization of the principal by means of a sinking fund.

3. *Droit de transmission.* This is a tax upon the transfer of securities. In the case of securities payable to bearer, this tax is levied not as a tax on each transfer, but as an annual tax on the right of transfer, and amounts to 20 centimes for each 100 francs of value. This is equivalent to 20 cents on each $100 of value—one-fifth of one per cent. of the value of the securities. This value is intended to be the actual value and is based on the average price of the security during the preceding year. If the securities are "*nominatif*"—that is, payable to a person named in the certificate — the tax is levied on the actual transfer and amounts to 50 centimes on each 100 francs (50 cents on each $100) of the value indicated by the last quoted price.

The question whether it is more advantageous for a French investor to have a security payable to bearer or to a person named in the certificate depends on the permanence of his investment. If he knows that he will keep his investment more than two

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and a half years, he can afford to have it "*nominatif.*" Most investors do not wish to have securities that they cannot freely sell at any time on a plane of equality with other holders of the same securities. This presents one difficulty to the sale of American shares of stock in France. American corporations issue shares of stock to persons named in the certificates. In the case of the Utah Copper Company and the United States Rubber Company, the French bankers adopted the device of depositing the shares with a Trust Company in New York and issuing certificates of deposit entitling the bearer to all dividends and to the certificates of stock on surrender of the certificates of deposit.

Foreign corporations are required to appoint a responsible representative acceptable to the Minister of Finance who will guarantee the payment annually of all three taxes.

The French Government does not make it difficult for a foreign corporation to sell its securities in France so far as the payment of taxes is concerned. The principal difficulty is the practical one of placing American securities in the hands of French investors after the taxes have been paid and all practical requirements as to the form of securities and legal requirements in regard to the registration of the corporation have been fulfilled.

This practical difficulty in regard to the placing of foreign securities in the hands of actual investors grows out of the organization of the business of investments in France. Formerly there existed throughout France many private bankers through whom individual investors made their purchases of stocks and bonds. Some still exist, but in general these local private bankers have been driven out of business by the organization of large central banks *(Sociétés de Crédit)* with many agencies or branches. This system of organization exists in all the principal cities of France. The following examples will indicate the character of these organizations. The Crédit Lyonnais, with a capital of 250,000,000 francs, has its principal office and forty-four agencies in Paris and nine agencies in the suburbs of Paris. The Comptoir National d'Escompte de Paris, with a capital of 200,000,000 francs, has its principal office and thirty-four agencies in Paris and thirteen agencies in the suburbs of Paris. The Société Générale, with a capital of 300,000,000 francs, has its principal office and fifty-four agencies in Paris and thirty-three agencies

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in the suburbs of Paris. Each has one or more agencies at Bordeaux, Lille, Lyon, Marseilles, Nantes, Toulouse and elsewhere.

The organization of these great banks has had the advantage of giving to the French people the benefits of greater conservatism in the recommendation of securities to French investors. This advantage has been purchased, however, at the cost of a disadvantage. It has had the double effect of reducing the income received by French investors in stocks and bonds and of depriving enterprising Frenchmen of the use of French capital for the establishment of new and small industries. Formerly the local private bankers could and would make a personal investigation of a new or small industry and recommend to their clients to take a share in such an enterprise if they deemed it worthy of their approval. Among such enterprises there will be always many failures due to bad judgment or bad direction. These failures impose losses upon the investors who purchase shares of the enterprises which fail. Investors in those which are successful receive much larger returns on their investments. The rates of interest and dividends in such enterprises are very much larger than those paid by the bonds and stocks sold to their customers by the great banking companies which have absorbed the business of these local private bankers. The manager of a branch of a great bank can be entrusted with the responsibility of discounting commercial paper and making loans upon securities which have been approved by the central office. The Board of Directors will not in general entrust to the manager of a branch the discretion of making investments in new and small enterprises. The business is not large enough to command the attention of the central office. The result is that the small French industries get little assistance from the great French banks.

In order, therefore, to effect the immediate sale of any very large amount of foreign securities to French investors, it is necessary to secure the co-operation of one or more of these great banking institutions or of one or more of the large business banks *(banques d'affaires)* which follow the general leadership of the great institutions so far as their business permits. Smaller issues of securities may be sold through the medium of smaller business banks or private bankers. The process is slower, but the business is on the increase. The higher rate of interest obtainable in such securities appeals to the thrift, but excites the fear, of investors.

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Another difficulty which confronts the foreign corporation seeking to sell securities in France is the question of the admission of the securities to quotation on an exchange. The French investor may intend to keep his securities, but he likes to know that he can sell them and at what price.

Some banking institutions maintain an arbitrary rule that they will not offer for sale to their clients securities which do not secure the privilege of official quotation on the Bourse. Others are less strict in their requirements and are willing to offer for sale securities which have been admitted to quotation on the "Coulisse." This calls for an explanation of the character of the Bourse and the "Coulisse," and of the objections which are made to the admission of American securities to quotation in the French market.

The Bourse is an official organization. It was originally created in 1724. The members of the Bourse are designated as "*agents de change*" and are "ministerial officers." The number is limited to seventy at the present time. They elect each year a board of management *(chambre syndicale)* of seven members. The Minister of Finance has by law the right to prohibit the admission of any securities to official quotation on the Bourse. In practice the result is that no securities are admitted to sale and quotation on the "parquet" or floor of the Bourse without the approval of the Minister of Finance.

The market in the "Coulisse," or lobby, had an origin much similar to that of the market "on the curb" in New York. It grew, however, in importance and dignity until it has now a complete and perfect organization under the title of the "*Marché en Banque*" and transactions on the "Coulisse" are recognized by law. The new "Coulisse" is organized in three groups: (1) the market for Government bonds *(Marché de la Rente)*; (2) the market for the sale of securities on time *(Marché des Valeurs à Terme)*; (3) the market for the sale of securities for cash *(Marché au Comptant)*. Each of these separate markets is under the direction of a separate committee or syndicate of bankers *(chambre syndicale)*. A security may be admitted to quotation in one market without being admitted to the other.

Admission to quotation on the "Coulisse" does not require the official sanction of the Minister of Finance. The practice exists of ascertaining unofficially whether there is any reason of a fiscal or diplomatic character which leads the Minister of Finance

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to object to the admission of a foreign security. His unofficial disapproval would probably lead to the refusal of admission of the security to quotation, although that fact might not be given as the reason.

The reasons which may lead a Minister of Finance to withhold his approval relate to questions which are difficult of general application to foreign securities. They may vary greatly at different times and in regard to different countries or different securities. They may relate to the character of the security. The Minister of Finance may consider them of too speculative a character to put before the French people with the stamp of his approval. They may relate to international commerce, international finance or diplomacy. The approval of a large volume of securities proposed from one country might be withheld because the Government of France for reasons of diplomacy wished to assist another Government in placing a large loan among French investors. The suggestion is made that at the present time it would be difficult to secure the approval of the Minister of Finance to the admission of any American securities to quotation on the Bourse by reason of the disturbance caused to French commerce and industry by the recent American tariff law. The character of these reasons is such that they cannot be anticipated from time to time and may suddenly change without reference to the intrinsic merits of the securities.

There are, however, objections to the admission of American securities to quotation on the Bourse and on the *Marché des Valeurs à Terme* of the "Coulisse" which are of a more permanent character:

1. Transactions on the Bourse in Paris commence at noon and close at three. There is a difference of five hours and ten minutes in time between Paris and New York. When the Bourse closes at three o'clock in the afternoon, it is ten minutes to ten o'clock in the forenoon at New York. The Stock Exchange in New York opens at ten and closes at three by New York time. In French time transactions in American securities on the Stock Exchange at New York commence at ten minutes past three and close at ten minutes past eight. In the event of a sudden rise or fall in the prices of American securities on the New York Stock Exchange, a considerable number of French brokers or speculators in American securities on the Bourse who happily closed their

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business at three o'clock might find themselves insolvent at ten minutes past eight, having had no opportunity in the mean time to protect themselves by covering their contracts in their own market. The "*Agents de Change*" and their customers who are engaged in active speculation do not wish to subject themselves to this risk. Nominally, the same difficulty exists between London and New York. Practically the danger does not exist by reason of the custom in London of trading in American securities "in the Street" after the close of the Stock Exchange. Formerly there existed in Paris the "*Petite Bourse du Soir*" ("Little Bourse of the Evening"), but it was suppressed in 1892 in the process of the organization of the "Coulisse" in its modern form.

2. Another difficulty of a similar character is due to the practice of monthly or bimonthly settlements or "liquidations" on the Bourse and on the "Coulisse." The right to daily settlements between brokers and their customers does not exist in Paris. When a broker has given credit to another broker or customer by accepting and executing his order for the purchase or sale of securities, he must continue to extend his credit until settlement day. The customer may have two weeks or a month, as the case may be, in which to become insolvent before his creditor can make a test of his solvency by requiring a settlement. The French brokers and bankers regard American securities as subject to violent fluctuation. If these securities are admitted to sale on the Bourse and "Coulisse" they will be objects of speculation. The French bankers and brokers do not wish to take the risk of extending credit to customers who are speculating in securities of this highly inflammable character.

These two objections do not apply to the admission of securities to quotation on the *Marché au Comptant* (market for cash) of the "Coulisse."

3. Some large international banking-houses, having transactions both in New York and in Paris, are opposed to the general introduction of American securities to quotation on the Bourse or the "Coulisse." Their reason for this is that it introduces an additional element of fluctuation into the French market. At the present time the French market is mainly influenced by European conditions or considerations. If American securities were generally quoted on the Bourse a violent decline in the American market might cause a sympathetic decline in European

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securities at a time when it would not otherwise occur. On the contrary, a decline in European securities due to European complications might and probably would be accompanied by an appreciation in the value of American securities due to the increased value of American agricultural and industrial products. As long as the two markets are kept separate, each constitutes an insurance against accidents in the other in favor of banking-houses having transactions in both.

It is difficult to make practical suggestions of a general character which will aid bankers and promoters in finding entrance to the French market. Each case will present new features. There are few precedents for the admission of American securities to quotation, either on the Bourse or the "Coulisse." The only American securities quoted on the Bourse are the Pennsylvania three-and-one-half-per-cent. bonds and the New York, New Haven & Hartford four-per-cent. bonds. The only American securities admitted to quotation on the "Coulisse" are the certificates of deposit of shares of the United States Rubber Company and the Utah Copper Company. It is reported by cable that the St. Louis and San Francisco general-lien five-per-cent. bonds have been approved for quotation on the "Coulisse."

In the case of new issues, bankers and promoters who wish to offer securities for sale in the French market will do well to lay the foundation for that purpose by the insertion of suitable clauses in the bonds and mortgage which will anticipate some of the difficulties.

FRANK D. PAVEY.

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THE TYRANNY OF THE PILL.

BY ELIZABETH BISLAND.

FIFTY years ago one of the dearest possessions of every well-nurtured, properly mounted home was the "Family Pill." There was also, of course, a well-stocked medicine-closet containing all the simpler drugs and a pair of druggist's scales, and the doctor was called in only for extreme exigencies. If one had an ear-ache a teaspoonful of sweet-oil was warmed over the flame of a candle, three drops of laudanum added—which mamma blended with a convenient hair-pin—the whole mess was decanted into the distressed member, a pledget of cotton batting corked it into place, and that was the end of it. If one was "chilling," cholagogue was administered by the ample tablespoonful, or quinine in powders was got down by the aid of jam. For an unidentified pain in one's little insides which refused to yield to the soothings of a bag of hot salt, the scales weighed out an eighth of a grain of morphine; and castor-oil, "blue-mass" and paregoric were set on the track of most of the flesh's ills and chased each other, and incidentally the ailment, all about one's helpless nineteenth-century interior. But the family pill was the specific relied upon for nine out of ten maladies. It was usually some simple compound, such as calomel, rhubarb and Dover's powders, put together by the booted, hard-riding family doctor to save himself from useless night calls, and each household could produce irrefragable evidence of the almost miraculous potency of its own particular combination.

It may be noted in passing that the family pill was an hereditary treasure and always descended in the female line. Its establishment in a new household was after this fashion: Of course *his* mamma supplied the bridegroom with his due equipment of the compound of his own ancestors and solemnly warned him

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to take no other; and equally of course the bride included *her* mamma's medicament among her bridal furnishings. It was in the days that wives vowed to obey, and when Angelina knew her first discomfort she meekly submitted to being dosed with the pill-in-law, piously murmuring that her existence was of so little real moment it hardly mattered if she jeopardized it by using the wrong medicines. But when Edward came down with a cold, or suffered from over-eating, she rose in her might, like a lioness defending her whelps, and declared that, while *she* might palter with her health to please her mother-in-law, Edward's darling existence should be defended by the extremest resources of medical science; her own family pill-box was called into use, and thereafter it dominated the new household without further question. For fifty years ago was a period of slack water. The power of the priest was just about to ebb, and the rising tide of the influence of the physician was hardly yet observed. Since then one has seen very nearly a complete substitution of the domination over the minds of the public of the healer of the body, displacing the shepherd of souls.

One of the odd mediæval survivals of the Catholic Church has been the recent placing upon the Index Expurgatorius of the works of Charles Henry Lea. Mr. Lea has devoted a long, laborious life to writing a record and analysis of the Inquisition, and the curious feature of the episode is that the Church does not perceive that any candid student of Mr. Lea's books must arise from them with a new tolerance and understanding of the origin of the Holy Office, realizing for the first time that the Inquisition had not its origin in mere cruelty and bigotry. The Protestant world has considered that institution heretofore as an almost incredible example of human baseness masquerading in the garments of religion. But the wise student of the history of mankind grows to realize, as the fruit of a faithful study of human behavior, that man in all generations is sincere in his efforts to do right, no matter how hideous and crooked, how blind and mistaken, may have been his fumblings toward his ideals of truth and justice. That the Inquisition was no exception to this rule is the new point of view which Mr. Lea's patient examination demonstrates.

The greatest preoccupation of Europe — once the theory of Christian dogma was generally accepted — was with the health

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and salvation of souls, and the organized Church became the official guardian of this way of salvation. As always with official bodies its tendency was inevitably to solidify its power, to organize into a rigid system and to reprobate all opposition to its decrees. It would seem to be impossible for any hierarchy to remain flexible to expansion and growth in its own organism; to yield without a struggle to fresh conceptions of its treasured tenets, and the Christian Church proved no exception to this rule. When the revival of classic letters woke a moral unrest in Europe and aroused questions in thoughtful minds as to the finality of their previous intellectual and ethical decisions, the Church set itself obstinately in opposition to all readjustments. Had it recognized the inevitableness of some change to allow for the play of new needs and new growth, it might have led and directed the readjustment and spared Europe floods of tears and blood. But for the Church to have seen the wisdom of such a course would have been to prove the infallibility it claimed; this being a counsel of perfection to which no priesthood has yet arisen.

On its behalf, however, Mr. Lea shows as its excuse that the moral and mental flux resultant from the inflow of new ideas had upon many the intoxication of madness. No experiment was too fantastic to be tried. Sects sprang up like mushrooms, each outdoing the last in the eccentricity of its creed in the endeavor to find some solution of the new moral and political problems—some clothing large enough for the growing spirit. Unaccustomed liberty of thought led some of these sects so far astray as to threaten the whole fabric of society. The Inquisition in Germany had its origin in the endeavor of the Government to control one of these new religions which professed a complete anarchy, the members displaying the faith that was in them by refusing to wear any clothes at all. It was one of the many pathetic human efforts to return to that mythical state of natural innocence and freedom. The members of the sect firmly resisted all restraints of either love or limbs, and no persuasion inducing them to observe any demands of public decency, the Government seized these literal-minded pre-Adamites and delivered them to the Church to be disciplined.

Looking back upon it now, it is easy to see how proper and reasonable those first attempts to restrain anarchical license seemed to the Church, and how inevitably the power delegated

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to it degenerated into the horrors of the later Inquisition. Intoxicated in its turn, it became unable to see that Luther, Erasmus and Calvin were not anarchists, but wise, far-seeing men, who if encouraged instead of persecuted would, far from founding schisms, have slowly pruned off abuses and enlarged the garments of a creed grown too narrow for such thinkers as Bruno and Galileo.

In the latter half of the nineteenth century the world had grown to be only mildly interested in its soul, and to be considerably more concerned about the health of its body. Gradually the power and influence of the priesthood has drifted into the hands of the doctors. For the tyranny of the crozier has been substituted the tyranny of the pill, not that naïve, independent little family bolus of yore which even a layman might administer, but the whole great system of medicine which has become more and more specialized into the hands of the medical hierarchy, who, as the priests did before them, more and more force the laity to receive salvation only through their hands and frown upon individual judgment. The doctors receive more real and more intimate confessions than are made in church, and the average layman is more dominated by his medical director than by his spiritual pastor. While the churches cry aloud for frequenters and go to the highways and hedges to compel congregations to come in, with inducements of instruction, amusement and alms as a bribe to fill empty fanes, the offices of the doctors are besieged all the days of the week. Hospitals and sanitariums command millions for their ever-growing demands, while the Ladies' Aid Societies take in sewing to pay off mortgages on the churches. The priests starve, while the medical specialists make fortunes. A new serum or a new bacteriological discovery is announced in big head-lines on the front page of the newspapers as pre-eminently important news, and great physicians sit in the councils of Government and dictate laws, as did bishops and cardinals in the Middle Ages. The doctor and his devoted acolyte, the trained nurse, officiate more and more absolutely between the laity and the sources of bodily salvation. One hardly dares put on a bit of court-plaster for one's self, and the mind of the world, obsessed by a universal hypochondria, is as concerned with the subtleties of hygiene and diet as was the mind of the past with the mysteries of grace and free will.

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Just as in the past the physicians of the soul set up a barrier between the layman and the fount of spiritual healing, demanding that all approach to the deity should be made through their official agency, so the doctors assume that it is better that one should perish under official auspices than recover by heretical means. For though they are supposedly the leaders of progress and scientific thought, the temptations of great power are as potent to them as to the ecclesiastic, and obstinacy and bigotry set the same pitfalls for their feet. They are as prone as were the bishops to feel that all advance emanating from outside of their hierarchy is dangerous, and they yield as reluctantly to new ways of reaching the old ends.

As the Renaissance awoke doubt and unrest in matters spiritual, so in matters of bodily health the world is now seething with revolt and heresy. Mankind will not allow any hierarchy wholly to dominate its search for salvation. No doubt the majority of the medical faculty are skilful and high-minded men, as it is safe to believe the bulk of the ecclesiastics were virtuous and pious at the period of the Reformation, yet undeniable abuses crept into the Church as a result of unbridled domination, and the Reformation was needed to correct them. The Church, in answer to its critics, could point to its thousands of humble parish priests, pious, charitable, virtuous; as medicine can suggest its multitude of kind, honest, helpful country doctors. It could, like the doctors, speak of its multitudes of doles to the poor, and recall its brave missionary martyrs who died in exile for the faith, as missionary doctors die martyrs in exploring the uncharted lands of new remedies. Yet all this was not enough in the Church, nor is it enough in medicine, and the reformation must certainly come, though the medical faculty see the need of it no more than the priests did. Then, as now, the outward conformity was almost complete, and the priest never appeared more powerful and secure. He saw no more menace in the cynical proverbs current among the people than the doctor does in the many bitter sayings among the laymen, such as the oft-quoted, "The operation was a brilliant success, though, of course, the patient died"; nor did he attribute any more importance than the doctor does to the stories that pass *sotto voce* from lip to lip in bitter but smothered indignation. Stories of ignorance, of carelessness, of medical dishonesty or obstinacy, of reckless experi-

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mentation upon patients, and more than all of the professional etiquette that for "the honor of the profession" covers up unpardonable mistakes. The medical profession, as a whole, is so justly powerful and respected that it is difficult to find a public opportunity to point out that it, no more than lawyers or clergymen, should be above criticism; and the profession itself is as impatient of any question, any lésé-medicine, as were the pre-Reformation priests.

But, after all, the world at large is concerned not nearly so much with the reputation of a class of men as with the safety of its own health and life, and it is demonstrating in many ways that it will seek its own good regardless of all professions. It has not forgotten that both Harvey and Jenner felt the weight of medical opposition, and that almost every attempt to find new paths of escape from disease has met the combined opposition of the doctors until the public forced an acceptance. Homeopathy still remains a schism, though it is owing to its tenets that the old *régime* of cupping, bleeding, blistering, drenching and purging has been profoundly ameliorated and modified. Fifty years ago a young Southern doctor was driven from New York into obscurity by the united violence of medical disapproval, because he was experimenting with a system of rubbings in certain cases, and thereafter he only dared practise his theories in secret. Yet to-day massage is accepted as a valuable adjunct to surgery and drugs.

The heresy of Christian Science has flourished so exceedingly that the Church is beginning to adopt it as a new claim upon the reluctant multitude, and medicine, bullied out of its blind opposition by the public, is at last undertaking to cut away the superstitions and avail itself of the valuable elements of the mental therapy that lie at the core of it. The old magnetic healer now has his rival in the regular school of medicine, who finds that hypnotism is a powerful addition to drugs in some cases, and even the Fletcher system of diet and mastication has forced itself upon the doctor's notice. The bitterest fight of all has been made against the osteopaths, who, in spite of the road having been contested inch by inch, have induced more than half the States to legalize their practice, to examine them through the same State Medical Boards which examine the regular physicians ere permitting them to practise, and to place osteopaths be-

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fore the law in an equal position with the "regular" school. This has been dictated to the legislators, in spite of the furious opposition of the doctors, by the public, convinced by demonstration of the value of this new therapy. Yet the regular physicians still decline to recognize the osteopaths, refuse to permit them to practise in any hospital, or to call any trained nurse who attends an osteopathic patient, in spite of which the schools of this new system cannot train its practitioners rapidly enough to supply the demand.

That the Holy Office of medical prèjudice has had its uses in suppressing fantastic quacks, as wrong-headed and dangerous as the religious fanatics of the Middle Ages, only proves the above-mentioned contention that men usually begin with a desire to seek truth and justice, but that, given great power, the temptation to tyranny is well-nigh unescapable. More candid, more open-minded, less given to hierarchical solidity and bigotry, the physicians would avoid the errors of the Church's example and avail themselves of what was sane and valuable in these new discoveries, instead of forcing continual schisms by reckless opposition to all advance and change not inaugurated under their own auspices.

ELIZABETH BISLAND.

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SAINT-GAUDENS

BY ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON.

I.

Uplands of Cornish! Ye, that yesterday
Were only beauteous, now are consecrate.
Exalted are your humble slopes, to mate
Proud Settignano and Fiesole,
For here new-born is Italy's new birth of Art.
In your belovèd precincts of repose
Now is the laurel lovelier than the rose.
Henceforth there shall be seen
An unaccustomed glory in the sheen
Of yonder lingering river, overleant with green,
Whose fountains hither happily shall start,
Like eager Umbrian rills, that kiss and part,
For that their course will run
One to the Tiber, to the Arno one.

O hills of Cornish! chalice of our spilled wine,
Ye shall become a shrine,
For now our Donatello is no more!
He who could pour
His spirit into clay, has lost the clay he wore,
And Death, again, at last,
Has robbed the Future to enrich the Past.
He, who so often stood
At joyous worship in your Sacred Wood,

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He shall be missed
As autumn meadows miss the lark,
Where Summer and Song were wont to keep melodious tryst.
His fellows of the triple guild shall hark
For his least whisper in the starry dark.
Here, in his memory, Youth shall dedicate
Laborious years to that unfolding which is Fate.
By Beauty's faintest gleams
She shall be followed over glades and streams.
And all that is shall be forgot
For what is not;
And every common path shall lead to dreams.

II.

Poet of Cornish, comrade of his days:
When late we met,
With his remembrance how thine eyes were wet!
Thy faltering voice his praise
More eloquently did rehearse
Than on his festal day thy liquid verse.
Since once to love is never to forget,
Let us defer our plaint of private sorrow
Till some less unethereal to-morrow.
To-day is not the poet's shame
But the dull world's; not yet
Shall it be kindled at the living flame
Whose treasured embers
Ever the world remembers.
Not so the sculptor—his immediate bays
No hostile climate withers or delays.
Let us forego the debt of friendly duty;
A nation newly is bereft of beauty.
Sing with me now his undeferrèd fame,—
For Time impatient is to set
This jewel in his country's coronet.
When all men with new accent speak his name,
And all are blended in a vast regret,
There is no place for grief of thee or me:
One reckons not the rivers in the sea.
Sing not to-day the hearth despoiled of fire:

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Ours be the trumpet, not the lyre.
Death makes the great
The treasure and the sorrow of the State.
Nor is it less bereaved
By what is unachieved.
Oh, what a miracle is Fame!
We carve some lately unfamiliar name
Upon an outer wall, as challenge to the sun;
And half its claim
Is deathless work undone.
Although the story of our art is brief,
Thrice in the record, at a fadeless leaf,
Falls an unfinished chapter; thrice the flower
Closed ere the noonday glory drank its dew;
Thrice have we lost of promise and of power—
The torch extinguished at its brightest hour—
His comrades all, for whom he twined the rue.
But though they stand authentic and apart
This is in our new land the first great grief of Art.

III.

Yet, sound for him the trumpet, not the lyre—
Him of the ardent, not the smouldering, fire:
Whose boyhood knew full streets of martial song
When the slow purpose of the throng
Flamed to a new religion, and a soul.
He knew the lure of flags; caught first the far drums' roll;
Thrilled with the flash that runs
Along the slanted guns;
Kept time to the determined feet
That ominously beat
Upon the city's floor
The firm, mad rhythm of war.
With envious enterprise
He saw the serried eyes
That, level to the hour's demand,
Looked straight toward Duty's promised land.
Then to be boy was to be prisoned fast
With the great world of battle sweeping past
While every hill and hollow

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Heard the heart-melting music, calling "Follow!"
The day o'erbrimmed with longing, and the night
With beckoning dreams of many a dauntless fight,
As though doomed heroes summoned us to see
Thermopylæs and Marathons.
—Ah, had he known who was to be
Their laureate in bronze!

But who can read To-morrow in To-day?
Fame makes no bargain with us, will not say
Do thus, and thou shalt gain, or thus and lose;
Nay, will not let us for another choose
The trodden and the lighted way.
She burns the accepted pattern, breaks the mould,
Prefers the novel to the old,
Revels in secrets and surprise;
And while the wise
Seek knowledge at the sages' gate
The schoolboy by a truant path keeps rendezvous with Fate.

IV.

This is the honey in the lion's jaws:
That from the reverberant roar
And wrack of savage war
Art saves a sweet repose, by mystic laws
Not by long labor learned
But by keen love discerned;
For this it bears the palm:
To show the storms of life in terms of calm.
Not what he knew, but what he felt,
Gave secret power to this Celt.
Master of harmony, his sense could find
A bond of likeness among things diverse,
And could their forms in beauty so immerse
That, to the enchanted mind,
Ideal and real seem a single kind.

Behold our gaunt Crusader, grimly brave,
The swooping eagle in his face,
The very genius of command,

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And her not less, with her imperious hand,—
The herald Victory holding equal pace.
Not trulier in the blast
Moves prow with mast;
Line mates with flowing line, as wave with following wave—
Rider and homely horse
Intent upon their course
As though she went not with them. Near or far
One is their import: she the dream, the star—
And he the prose, the iron thrust—of War.

V.

So, on the travelled verge
Of storied Boston's green acropolis
That sculptured music, that immortal dirge
That better than towering shaft
Has fitly epitaphed
The hated ranks men did not dare to hiss!
When Duty makes her clarion call to Ease
Let her repair and point to this:
Why seek another clime?
Why seek another place?
We have no Parthenon, but a nobler frieze,—
Since sacrifice than worship nobler is.
It sings—the anthem of a rescued race;
It moves—the epic of a patriot time,
And each heroic figure makes a martial rhyme.
How like ten thousand treads that little band,
Fit for the van of armies! What command
Sits in that saddle! What renouncing will!
What portent grave of firm-confronted ill!
And as a cloud doth hover over sea,
Born from its waters and returning there,
Fame, sprung from thoughts of mortals, swims the air
And gives them back her memories, deathlessly.

VI.

I wept by Lincoln's pall when children's tears,
That saddest of the nation's years,
Were reckoned in the census of her grief;

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And, flooding every eye,
Of low estate or high,
The crystal sign of sorrow made men peers.
The rain-drop on the April leaf
Was not more unashamed. Hand spoke to hand
A universal language; and whene'er
The hopeful met 'twas but to mingle their despair.
Our yesterday's war-widowed land
To-day was orphaned. Its victorious voice
Lost memory of the power to rejoice.
For he whom all had learned to love was prone.
The weak had slain the mighty; by a whim
The ordered edifice was overthrown
And lay in futile ruin, mute and dim.

O Death, thou sculptor without art,
What didst thou to the Lincoln of our heart?
Where was the manly eye
That conquered enmity?
Where was the gentle smile
So innocent of guile—
The message of good-will
To all men, whether good or ill?
Where shall we trace
Those treasured lines, half humor and half pain,
That made him doubly brother to the race?
For these, O Death, we search thy mask in vain!

Yet shall the Future be not all bereft:
Not without witness shall its eyes be left.
The soul, again, is visible through Art,
Servant of God and Man. The immortal part
Lives in the miracle of a kindred mind,
That found itself in seeking for its kind.
The humble by the humble is discerned;
And he whose melancholy broke in sunny wit
Could be no stranger unto him who turned
From sad to gay, as though in jest he learned
Some mystery of sorrow. It was writ:
The hand that shapes us Lincoln must be strong

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As his that righted our bequeathèd wrong;
The heart that shows us Lincoln must be brave,
An equal comrade unto king or slave;
The mind that gives us Lincoln must be clear
As that of seer
To fathom deeps of faith abiding under tides of fear.
What wonder Fame, impatient, will not wait
To call the sculptor great
Who keeps for us in bronze the soul that saved the State!

VII.

Most fair his dreams and visions when he dwelt
His spirit's comrade. Meagre was his speech
Of things celestial, save in line and mould;
But sudden cloud-rift may reveal a star
As surely as the unimpeded sky.
The deer has its deep forest of retreat:
Shall the shy spirit have none? Be, then,
The covert unprofaned wherein withdrew
The soul that 'neath his pondering ardor lay?
Find the last frontier—Man is still unknown ground.

Things true and beautiful made a heaven for him.
Childhood, the sunrise of the spirit world,
Yielded its limpid secrets to his eye.
He gave his art to Friendship with a zest—
Wax to receive and metal to endure.
Looking upon his warriors facing death,
Heroes seem human, such as all might be—
Yet not without the consecrating will!
Age is serener by his honoring;
And when he sought the temple's inmost fane
The angels of his Adoration lent
Old hopes new glory, and his reverent hand
Wrought like Beato at the face of Christ.

But what is this that, neither Hope nor Doom,
Waits with eternal patience at a tomb?
A brooding spirit without name or date,
Or race, or nation, or belief;

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Beyond the reach of joy or grief,
Above the plane of wrong or right;
A riddle only to the sorrowless; the mate
Of all the elements in calm—still winter night,
Sea after tempest, time-scarred mountain height;
Passive as Buddha, single as the Sphynx,—
Yet neither that sweet god that seems to smile
On mortal good and guile,
Nor wide-eyed monster that into Egypt sinks
And Beast and Nature links;
But something human, with an inward sense
Profound, but nevermore intense;
And though it doth not stoop to teach,
It will with each
Attuned to beauty hold a muted speech;
In its Madonna-lidded meditation
Not more a mystery than a revelation;
Listen! It doth to Man the Universe relate;
If this be Fate, is it not still *our* Fate?

Let us no further venture—sacred be
That secret of the Ages, which not he
That wrought it knew, nor yet how great
His Sentinel before the Future's Gate.
For those who have not lived, but must breathe on
Prisoners of this prosaic age—
Ah, who for them shall read that page
Since wingèd Shelley and wise Emerson are gone?

* * * * * *

Across our Western world without surcease
How many a column sounds the name of Greece!
The sun loath-lingering on the crest of Rome,
Finds here how many an imitative dome!
O classic quarries of our modern thought,
What blasphemies in stone from you are wrought!
For though to Law, Religion, or the State,
These stones to Beauty first are dedicate,
Yet to what purpose, if we but revere
The temple, not the goddess?—if whene'er

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The magic of her deep obsession seem
To master any soul, we call it dream?
Come, let us live with Beauty!
Her name is ever on our lips; but who
Holds Beauty as the fairest bride to woo?
The gods oft wedded mortals: now alone
May man the Chief Immortal make his own.
To Time each day adds increment of age
But Beauty ne'er grows old. There is no gauge
To count the glories of the counted hours.
Flowers die, but not the ecstasy of flowers.
Come, let us live with Beauty!
What infinite treasure hers! and what small need
Of our cramped natures, whose misguided greed,
Houndlike, pursues false trails of Luxury
Or sodden Comfort! Who shall call us free—
Content if but some casual wafture come
From fields Elysian, where the valleys bloom
With life delectable? Such happy air
Should be the light we live in; unaware
It should be breathed, till man retrieves the joy
Philosophy has wrested from the boy.
Come, let us live with Beauty!

Who shall put limit to her sovereignty?
Who shall her loveliness define?
Think you the Graces only three?—
The Muses only nine?
Beyond our star-sown deep of space
Where, as for solace, huddles world with world
(A human instinct in the primal wrack),
Mayhap there is a dark and desert place
Of deeper awe
With but one outer star, there hurled
By cataclysm and there held in leash by law:
If lonely be that star, 'tis not for Beauty's lack.
She was ere there was any need of Truth,
She was ere there was any stir of Love;
And when Man came, and made her world uncouth

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With sin, and cities, and the gash of hills
And forests, and a thousand brutish ills,
Regardless of his ruth
She hid her wounds and gave him, from above,
The magic all his happiness is fashioned of.

VIII.

Knights of the five arts that our sculptor prized:
How shall ye honor him and, in his place,
Those others of the Old and Happy Race
Who lived for beauty, and the golden lure despised?
* * * * * *

Painter of music, Architect of song,
Sculptor in color, Poet in clay and bronze,
And thou whose unsubstantial fancy builds
Abiding symphonies from stone and space!
Mount ye to large horizons: ever be
As avid of other beauty as your own.
As nations greater are than all their states,
More than the sum of all the arts is Art.
High are their clear commands, but Art herself
Makes holier summons. Ever open stand
The doors of her free temple. At her shrine
In service of the world, whose hurt she heals,
Ye, too, physicians of the mind and heart—
Shall ye not take the Hippocratic oath?
Have ye not heard the voices of the night
Call you from kindred, comfort, sloth and praise,
To lead unto the light the willing feet
That grope for order, harmony and joy?—
To reach full hands of bounty unto those
Who starve for beauty in our glut of gold?

How shall we honor him whom we revere—
Lover of all the arts and of his land?
How, but to cherish Beauty's every flower?—
How, but to live with Beauty, and so be
Apostles of Rejoicing to mankind?

ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON.

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NEW BOOKS REVIEWED.

Mr. James is never concerned to give us a plot or an ending. He gives us the careful analysis of emotion and there we are—if we are not satisfied, we ought to be. He shows us here* Miss Julia Bride in all her transcendent prettiness and he analyzes her till we know every nook and corner of her mind and soul, every detail of her unsheltered, rather sordid life, every hope and ambition of her somewhat smudged but aspiring spirit. Then brusquely, having bared her completely, for our view, having showed up her background and her helplessness in the greedy hands of her associates, the great author leaves her face downwards, weeping in her pillows.

It is a piece out of life, wonderfully done, with no single detail slurred. We should know any one of these people if we met them again in the street. We have seen them so plainly going their ways, pursuing their ends; we know the very lines their weakness or slackness have drawn in their faces and figures. If we are not bigger and better for so much human data added to our knowledge, that is our fault and not the author's.

The story falls into what might be called Mr. James's middle manner. It is close-woven and erudite without having a sentence structure so involved as to necessitate a half-dozen readings in order to get all the delicate *nuances* and folds upon folds of significance. Mr. James knows more, feels more delicately, notes more finely than other writers and has a verbal process to match the mental method.

Here comes a new master swimming into our ken. "The Five Towns" was the advance herald, but in "Old Wives' Tale" Mr. Bennett has arrived. It is a great novel.†

* "Julia Bride." By Henry James. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1909.

† "Old Wives' Tale." By Arnold Bennett. New York: Hodder and Stoughton, 1909.

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Mr. Bennett is one more novelist down on his knees to life. He looks at life and wonders at its strangeness, its pathos, its moments of beauty. Without artificial gloss, without flourishes or conventions, he tells us all about life, the rising and the passing of the generations of men, their blind groping after happiness, their acquiescence and still absorption in the little details of comfort and then the end. No one is a hero or a heroine here. The most heroic figure, and the most absurd and pathetic, is Samuel Povey, introduced with the toothache and ending with a great cause and pneumonia. Constance, Sophia and their mother we might meet any day, and the novel closes with a division headed: "What life is." Closing it, one feels that one has been caught and held still awhile from the everlasting diverting activities of life and one has looked long and quietly into the eyes of the Sphinx herself.

Both style and power of description match sincerity and truth in this novel and make it a real addition to the great tradition of the English novel.

We have said before in these columns that Mr. Wells is a great novelist. He is, too, a great novelist without being a great writer. He is not like the late Mr. Meredith, great by reason of a profound, far-glancing culture, or like Mr. James by reason of a subtle, psychological gift, or like Joseph Conrad because he is an extraordinary artist in words, but he is great by reason of his searching, frank, straightforward, unhampered outlook upon life. In "Tono-Bungay" (a very great novel, by the bye) he showed us the decaying institutions of old England as they affected a young man of the lower middle class. In Ann Veronica* he takes a handsome, athletic, keen-minded, bold-spirited girl from the professional classes and depicts her life with the same penetration and precision he devoted to the man. With Bernard Shaw, Mr. Wells evidently believes in the "new woman." Ann Veronica would have been a startling revelation of the possibilities of progress to one of Miss Austen's heroines. Of traditional maidenliness there is no whit left, and Ann Veronica, with her course in jiu-jitsu, her advanced work in a biological laboratory,

* "Ann Veronica." By H. G. Wells. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1909.

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is well able to look after herself, choose her mate and defy the world. "We're hard stuff, we're hard stuff," she says to her husband at the close. Mr. Wells shows his entire belief in his heroine by letting her win out in the end, and we see her settling down into the happy ever-after stage of life.

The book has a good deal of scathing social satire and keen observation. Mr. Wells is no stylist; it is not literature or beauty he is after, but a plain picture of life, and in giving this he is entirely successful.

Here comes Mr. Hewlett,* the poet again, with no mercy on our emotions and no tenderness for his own characters, so long as he has free scope, through his mouthpiece, Mr. John Senhouse, the philosopher (whom we take to be a near reative of Mr. Edward Carpenter) to discuss his theories of life, art and literature. Mr. Senhouse's earlier love-affair is given here, but it hardly counts compared with the beautiful theories of the rational life with nature, the necessity of poetry to life, the picture of the ideal woman. Other pictures eminently well observed are those of Sancie's numerous family. As to Sanchia herself, we feel much as Burne-Jones did about Tess when he declared that nothing would induce him "to read about nice girls getting hanged." There are women and women, and while we read unmoved of Ann Veronica's advanced theories and methods without a qualm, knowing, as she said that she was "hard stuff" and would win out, we rebel against the fate of Sanchia. She was exquisite, thoughtful, pliable and open-minded, lovely and should somehow have been saved from suffering.

We do not, however, read Mr. Hewlett for the story, but for beauty, and this is in the book in generous measure.

A GIFT book is usually a book that no one would have except as a present, but here is a costly volume† of worth incalculable. It is more than historical, it is profound, in its interpretation of Asian art. It is full of strangeness and charm and wisdom. It

* "Open Country." By Maurice Hewlett. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1909.

† "Paintings in the Far East." By Laurence Binyon. London: Edward Arnold. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

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deals with the spirit and with the life of man and with the essence of beauty. It is literally the only book of its kind in English. And by way of supererogation, it is a brilliant piece of printing, delightful to eye and touch, and furnished with thirty superb reproductions of ageless masterpieces. This is a work to study by heart and come back to often, of works on art (and the word is said advisedly) the most important in the last decade, and the most enchanting of more than half that time.

Mr. Howells lays more stress on his age than any one else would like to. Sometimes, especially in the closing essay,* he allows himself the wise saws as well as the modern instances; oftener he just gently sighs for the youthful hose. There is no one living, perhaps, to whom life has been so kindly as to him, softening, mellowing, enriching bringing the great wheel of a man's mortal years around in so ample and complete a circle. The early records of travel, those impressions of Italy recorded, as he reminds us, forty years ago, were quicker and more poignant, but these are blander, serener. The delicate architectural drawings which adorn them are rather like the soft low relief of the style itself. Is the book Mr. Howells's little revenge, his Quip Modest, for "The American Scene"?

The collection† of Mr. Keppel is a Paradise of dainty devices, a mine of priceless and imperishable delights. He has gleaned afar and offers with both hands out of the stores of his profound connoisseurship—from exquisite French manuscript illuminations, from delicate Italian engravings and from matchless German and Dutch prints. His personal influence has unlocked foreign treasures, and the brilliant examples they yield are beautiful still in reproduction. His personal charm carries off with a grace the tenuous thread of essay. Those who buy it to give away will be tempted to keep it for themselves.

* "Seven English Cities." By W. D. Howells. New York and London: Harper & Brothers, 1909.

† "Christmas in Art: The Nativity as Depicted by Artists of the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Centuries." By Frederick Keppel. New York: Duffield & Co., 1909.

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The "Wanderer in Paris"* is a bit dull and insular and perfunctory and compares not well with, for instance, the "Walks" of M. Georges Cain. Why should any one quote Carlyle when he is short of matter? The "French Revolution," as a whole, may be epical, but scraps of it are simply noisy. The "thirty-two reproductions from works of art" announced on the title-page are just thirty too many, for they are entirely banal. Mr. Dexter's delicate color prints, on the other hand, are, most of them, lovely and alluring. One reason for ill-content with the book, as a whole, lies in the half-dozen staring misprints that violate the names of persons and pictures and give to Mona Lisa "hanging lineaments." Another is its nondescript nature, not precisely guide and not precisely reminiscence, and too much of each for the good of the other. The gravest is that Mr. Lucas's taste goes bad unexpectedly, and he admires the wrong things, or, if the right, then for the wrong reason. Yet since all criticism is only comparison, the book will please many and justly.

In the elaborate and luxurious volume† by Mr. Schauffler the pictures are very German and very good, but one regrets the absence of architectural interiors, just the precise aspect that photographs could not supply. They are all show-pieces, not tender or interpretative. But the book itself is an engaging work written from the heart. It stirs one to resolve to see the cities therein celebrated, Danzig and Brunswick before all others, and what more could any book accomplish?

Why cannot an American write such books?‡ Mrs. Gastling is a private gentlewoman in England, a physician's wife; but she knows her Bretons, their temperament and their folk-lore, more than a little. She is tremendously up, speaking generally, on anthropology and folk-lore, and her suggestions and interpretations are illuminating. Her photographs are far more interesting

* "A Wanderer in Paris." By E. V. Lucas. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1909.

† "Romantic Germany." By Robert Haven Schauffler, with illustrations by Hans Herrmann, Alfred Scherres, Karl O'Lynch von Town, Gertrude Wurmb, Charles Vetter and Otto F. Probst. New York: The Century Company, 1909.

‡ "The Bretons at Home." By Frances M. Gastling, with an introduction by Anatole le Braz. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. London: Methuen & Co., 1909.

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than the color prints by Gaston Fanty Lescure. He has done, and done well, the conventional, atelier picturesque: she has done landscape of great charm and architecture and sculpture better than the best professional work. As for the simple record of a month's travel—it, too, is better than the best professional work. It appeals and allures. A good book this to read by the Christmas fire; but let none try it, at his peril, in February when the sap stirs in the bough, for then he must go to Brittany or break his heart.

Mr. Mempes's work, which began as Whistler—and—water, is by now so watered down as to afford of the other element rarely a trace. Sir Henry Blake, who supplies the text for this year's "China,"* would undoubtedly be very interesting in conversation, but he cannot impart his first-hand knowledge or impose his valuable opinions, because simply he does not know the trick of writing. A real regret touches the reader. That he should speak so wisely, though so ineffectually, on social conditions, the opium problem and the status of women. Yet, after all, he says but little. The pictures are pretty.

The oddest pickings lie side by side in the annual issue of the little Thumb-nail books. Plainly the series† expresses somebody's individual taste, which is no small virtue. The "Hymns" this year make a fitting mate for the "Pascal and Aurelius" of other seasons, a volume altogether satisfying, good to have in hand for long country walks or on a journey or in sickness. The introductory essay is unusual and very significant, in its grave clarity, its quiet and unpedantic competence, its cool and reticent appreciation. It is like morning wind or full daylight, and its quality is rare in this time of unction and effusion and smoky piety. The few paragraphs say so much that should be said and escape so much that is better unsaid. If it is typical of the American spirit, we cannot be too soon or too completely American.

* "China." By Mortimer Mempes. Text by Sir Henry Arthur Blake, G.C.M.G. London: Adam and Charles Black. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1909.

† "Great Hymns of the Middle Ages." Compiled by Eveline Warner Brainerd. New York: The Century Company, 1909.

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For unknown reasons, no photograph has ever communicated the sense of a church interior, and few photographs have even essayed to present the life of streets and squares. Mr. Pennell, now with pen and now with brush, has recorded both, has done imperishable work in this great and beautiful volume on the French Cathedrals.* Mrs. Pennell's proper grace, the familiar charm of her sweetness and sincerity, make a fit setting, and more—a positive enhancement of the precious moment caught and fixed in black and white eternally. The *magnum opus,* perhaps, of the life of this exquisite draughtsman, it has certainly covered a big piece of his life, being eighteen years a-making, and recording between its ample covers all his experiments in many media and with many methods. And his blacks are so luminous, his lights so golden, his distances so enchanted!

Not new but so important an addition to the child's literature is this toy theatre† of Miss King's, with its instructions for making the marionettes and the theatre, its three rollicking comedies, two legends and two pantomimes, that no critic has a right to speak of the children's books without calling attention to it. The illustrations by Anna R. Giles are full of life, vivacity, fine fun, and the text has wit and literary grace unmatched by any book for children since Andersen himself talked to the children. It is nowise a book of the moment; it belongs to the history of children's literature.

This volume‡ likewise is one of the permanent contributions to the child's library. Now that the saints are no longer a sectarian monopoly, all little children may linger with delight on these charming rhymes of a whole alphabet of saints from Antony, Benedict, Christopher and Dominic down to Wilfred, Xystus, Yves and Zita. The make-up of the book is simplicity itself,

* "French Cathedrals, Monasteries and Abbeys and Sacred Sites of France." By Elizabeth Robins Pennell, illustrated by Joseph Pennell. New York: The Century Company, 1909.

† "Comedies and Legends for Marionettes." By Georgiana Goddard King. New York: The Macmillan Company.

‡ "An Alphabet of Saints." By Father Robert Hugh Benson, Reginald Balfour and S. C. Ritchie. Drawings by L. D. Symington. New York: Benziger Brothers.

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and the drawings match the rhymes in grace and charm. The book serves the double purpose of illustrating the beauty of holiness and the events, insignia and times of the various saints.

This book* is by all odds the most beautiful child's book of the season. It is uniform in make-up with Stevenson's "Child's Garden of Verse," illustrated by Jessie Willcox and Eugene Field's "Poems of Childhood," illustrated by Mr. Parrish. No better or more imaginative illustrator could be found for the stories, it goes without saying, and with three exceptions the pictures are equal to those in the Eugene Field book. Cassim in the Cave, the Fisherman watching the smoke rise from the base, and the wonderful golden lady burning perfume are inspiring food for the childish imagination. We could have wished that the English had been as impeccable as the make-up and illustrations of the book.

This† is an exquisite and touching tale of the love of a lonely man for a dog and of the dog for a lonely man, told by a great friend of dogs. It is, in its truth of feeling and gentle pathos, a real bit of literature, and few who read it will ever forget the touching prayer of old Jonathan beginning: "Lord, I haven't got anything but this dog."

These enchanting classics‡ require no introduction, now that they have become a part of the necessary education of every well-brought-up child. No child living can afford to grow up without knowing them any more than he could grow up without knowing "Mother Goose," Edward Lear's "Book of Nonsense" and Andersen's "Fairy-Tales." Binding and pictures are the most adequate of any edition we have seen, and the color prints by Maria L. Kirk are full of imagination and understanding.

* "The Arabian Nights." By Kate Douglas Wiggin and Nora A. Smith, with illustrations by Maxfield Parrish. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1909.

† "Jonathan and David." By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1909.

‡ "The Princess and the Goblin," "The Princess and Curdie," "At the Back of the North Wind." By George Macdonald. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott.

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It is a truism that nobody's anthology suits anybody else, but the present one* comes very near covering the ground for a Christmas anthology. Mr. Mabie's introduction has all the grace and geniality we have learned to look to him for. We should like to know more of W. P. R. from whom some beautiful selections are taken. We much regret the absence of George Macdonald's—

"They all were looking for a king"

and the most exquisite of the early Christmas poems:

"He cam al so still."

The woodcuts are quaint and fitting, but photographs as illustrations to books are always hopelessly vulgar. Should there be a second edition, we should enter a plea to have these omitted as not only ugly in kind, but commonplace in choice and robbing the book of any touch of distinction.

The world and not the back yard is the playground of the modern child, and in this well-chosen collection we have stories from Scandinavia, China, Wales, Ireland, India, Dalmatia, Germany, Spain, France, Russia, Portugal, Japan.† They are not, we need hardly say, drawn from original sources, but are gathered together from accessible books and give in small space a wide range of literature. In the main they are well chosen and hold close to the simple, natural folk-tale. There are no illustrations, but the binding is exceedingly pretty.

Miss Brown has always felt great sympathy for the animals, wild and domestic, and made many years ago a charming book of "Saints and Friendly Beasts." The present volume‡ is a romantic and very interesting tale of a boy stolen in babyhood and brought up as a tumbler. He finds his way alone to a hermit in the woods who has tamed all the wild animals, and a charming description is given of his life in the forest with a large family consisting of a dog, a wolf, a bear, a cat and her kittens, a doe and all the birds. There is, too, an exciting plot and plenty of adventure

* "The Book of Christmas." With an introduction by Hamilton Wright Mabie. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1909.

† "Tales of Wonder." Edited by Kate Douglas Wiggin and Nora Archibald Smith. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co., 1909.

‡ "John of the Woods." By Abbie Farwell Brown. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Co., 1909.

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when the king comes a-hunting. This is one of the best of the new books for children.

The yearly reappearance of our old friend* in new clothes might well serve as text for a sermon to publishers who firmly believe that nothing good will sell. Here is a good book full of heavy theological doctrine, human character, ingenious device, a mine of information on manners, morals, life, which no boy will turn from if it is offered between the ages of seven and twelve. Scott, with his learning and detail, may pall, but Robinson Crusoe is as alive to-day as ever he was. The pictures are eminently good.

The daughter of Walter Crane,† who translated for her father's pictures so many of the Grimm tales, has here made a selection of the thirteen of the tales for very little children. The pictures are far enough from being like those of Walter Crane, but they are better than average, and the binding is perfectly right for the book. It is an ideal volume for the youngest group in the nursery.

A new edition of this fresh and delightful classic‡ cannot but be hailed with joy. Nowhere else in the realm of child literature are there such enchanting creatures as Paul and Fiammetta. Mrs. Harker adds a few new chapters to this edition, and the old ones retain all the vitality and charm of the "real thing" in the repeated reading. We wonder whether the little plot-like excitement in the last two chapters was, perhaps, added at the suggestion of the publisher. We will not say that it gives a touch of the commonplace, but it does detract just a little from the high and rare distinction of Mrs. Harker's most exquisite writing. A publisher's advice is invaluable to the manufacturers of "best sellers," but let the maker of literature always regard him as a terrifying jabberwock!

* "Robinson Crusoe." By Daniel Defoe. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Co., 1909.

† "Grimm's Animal Stories." Translated by Lucy Crane with pictures by John Rae. New York: Duffield & Co., 1909.

‡ "A Romance of the Nursery." By L. Allen Harker. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1909.

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WORLD-POLITICS.

LONDON: ATHENS.

LONDON, *November, 1909.*

ON November 4th the Budget passed its third reading in the House of Commons by a majority of 230. Thus ended the most prolonged and the most arduous struggle in which the Lower Chamber has engaged in our time. Between the date of its introduction and the final vote on its third reading the Budget had held the centre of the political stage for rather over six months; it had engrossed no fewer than seventy-three days of Parliamentary time; it had been responsible for over five hundred and fifty divisions; and though the principles on which it was based still stand, there is scarcely a clause, scarcely even a line, in its provisions that has not been radically changed. The Opposition, though a pitiful minority in the House, fought it unflinchingly from first to last with brilliant desperation. The Government, anxious above all things to avoid a too drastic use of the closure and to disarm all reasonable objections, wisely allowed the debates to drag on to unexampled lengths, and wisely modified or sacrificed innumerable details of its Bill to meet the criticisms of its opponents. The thoroughness with which the measure has been discussed, the alterations it has undergone, the time it has consumed and the extraordinary ability with which it has been defended and attacked, together make up a record in Parliamentary annals. Not the least remarkable feature of its history was the impressive majority by which it was finally passed. The Liberal Party has never been famous for its discipline and cohesion. It represents, and must always represent, an infinitely wider range and variety of interests and opinions than the Conservatives; and nobody would have been surprised if the introduction of so vast, novel and controversial a Bill had driven the less progressive elements into revolt. Nothing of the kind hap-

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pened. There were Liberal critics in plenty on this point and on that, but when it came to the ultimate decision the party polled what was practically its full strength. No measure of such a scope and character has ever emerged from the ordeal of debate with so little loss to the party proposing it. The Irish Nationalists, it is true, declined to vote for it, but they did not vote against it, and their leader, Mr. Redmond, made it clear that if the Budget were to become an issue between Lords and Commons, he and his followers would side with the latter.

Under ordinary circumstances the passage of the Budget through the House of Commons would mean the end of the long and vehement contest it has provoked. Under the actual circumstances of to-day, however, it may prove the prelude to an even longer and more vehement struggle. On November 8th it went up to the House of Lords and was there read a first time. On November 22nd the crucial debate on the second reading will begin. This letter, therefore, is written under considerable difficulties. Before it appears in print the fate of the Budget in the Upper Chamber will in all probability have been decided, and the whole world will know of it. But here in London, on the very edge of a crisis unique in British history, nobody can definitely say what line the Lords will take. From the mass of rumors and counterrumors, however, I gather a deepening impression that they will assume the responsibility of rejecting the Budget. That is the almost universal expectation. It is one that, with a respectful confidence in the political sanity of the Upper Chamber, I have myself long refused to entertain. But I confess that as the supreme moment draws near my confidence is slipping from me. The preponderance of opinion is heavily on the side of the view that the Lords will not accept the Budget—and anything short of a full and unqualified acceptance, I need hardly say, is the equivalent of rejection. A dispassionate observer may still retain his doubts, may still reflect that the King has yet to be heard from, may still hope that even at the eleventh hour the Lords will shrink from so perilous a course, a course that not only violates the settled practice of the Constitution, but is fraught with real and formidable risks to the powers and privileges of their own House. At the same time, however, if his business is to chronicle and explain the development of English affairs with impartiality, he will admit that the foundations

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of his optimism grow daily more precarious. I propose, therefore, in this letter to treat as an accomplished fact what at the moment of writing is no more than a probability, and to assume that by the time the December number of this REVIEW is published the Lords will have thrown out the Budget.

The influences that will have urged them to a step which is essentially a revolution are many and various. Mr. Lloyd George's slashing and not over-tactful or over-tasteful attacks on the land-owing aristocracy are undoubtedly one of them. The ceaseless repetition by Liberal speakers and writers that the Lords "will never dare" reject the Finance Bill is another. It has operated on the minds of many Peers as a challenge which they feel they owe it to their order to take up. Again, while it is realized that the rejection of the Budget must precipitate the Constitutional crisis, it is also realized that its acceptance will not avert it. Alogether apart from the Finance Bill circumstances have been working during the last four years to elevate the House of Lords into the position of the master-question of English politics. The issue, argues more than one Peer, will have to be joined sooner or later. Why not meet it boldly and at once by throwing out the Finance Bill? It is clear that, whatever the fate of the Budget, there will be a General Election in January and that the House of Lords will in any case be a leading issue in that election. Matters cannot be made worse, they may be bettered, if the question of the Lords is made to turn on their action in throwing out the Budget. For the Budget has undoubtedly offended many powerful interests that may be trusted to rally to the side of the Lords; the ground, therefore, will be not unfavorably chosen, and the reaction which sets in against every Government after a few years of office will tell against the Liberals and in favor of the Lords.

Such are some of the arguments one hears among the anti-Budget stalwarts in the Upper House. To a great many Peers the Budget is synonymous with a something they call Socialism and throwing it out is justified as a patriotic and religious duty. At the least, they claim that it embodies principles that are wholly novel in the fiscal history of Great Britain, and that before it is passed into law the people ought to be given an opportunity of pronouncing judgment. But stronger, perhaps, than any of these arguments is the conviction that if the Budget becomes law, it will

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prove so productive, it will so overwhelmingly demonstrate the efficacy of Free-Trade finance to provide for all the national needs as to make Tariff Reform not merely superfluous, but ridiculous. Finally the belief is gathering strength that the Budget is by no means so popular as it seemed to be two or three months ago, that the people would welcome its rejection, and that the result of the Bermondsey election—where, in one of the poorest constituencies in London, a Tariff Reform and anti-Budget candidate slipped in between a Liberal and a Socialist—is an invitation to the Lords to act decisively. Most of the Conservative papers in the metropolis and in the provinces clamor for the destruction of the Budget, and even sober and independent journals like the "Spectator" urge the Lords only to pass the land and liquor clauses on condition that they are ratified by a referendum of the people.

But let there be no mistake about it. If the Lords, in obedience to these various forces and considerations, reject the Budget, they will be committing what is hardly less than an act of usurpation, they will be upsetting the recognized balance of Constitutional power, they will be taking a step which, whether with or without their strict legal and theoretical competence, is as plainly revolutionary as though the King were to refuse his assent to a Bill that had been passed by both Houses of Parliament. If, moreover, their act is condoned by the electorate, it will mean that henceforward no Government will be able to remain in power which does not control the Upper Chamber; it will mean that England, hitherto a supposedly democratic country, is really under the thumb of an oligarchy; it will mean that the Lords are the supreme power in the Constitution, able to dissolve Parliaments and upset Governments as they please; it will mean that the old principle that taxation and representation should go together has been destroyed; it will mean that no Liberal Ministry can ever again hold its own except on sufferance, and that it will be liable at any moment to find its financial provisions for the year rejected and itself deprived of the means to carry on the King's Government. If, on the other hand, the claim of the Lords to have an equal or superior right to that of the Commons to control the national finances is not endorsed by the nation, if the Lords reject the Budget only to find that the people insist on its being passed, then in that case, too, equally serious results must ensue. To prevent any such disturbance of the normal

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Constitutional procedure in the future would at once become not merely a prime object, but a prime necessity of Liberal policy. No Liberal Government would again take office without stringent guarantees that the Lords should keep their hands off finance altogether and that their power of veto in other directions should be sensibly curtailed. How those guarantees could be obtained and what form they should take are matters that very soon may be the leading issues of English politics.

There is another point that ought to be touched upon. The uncertainty as to what the Lords will do with the Budget has already had a serious effect on trade. But the rejection of the Budget will mean nothing less than financial and administrative chaos. This will become clear from a glance at the British system of collecting revenue. When new taxes are imposed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, or existing taxes are raised, the collection of the tax is authorized by a Resolution of the House of Commons. This Resolution is passed by the House within an hour or two after the Chancellor has brought in his Budget. It is then telegraphed to the customs-houses at the different ports, and on the following day the collection of the new taxes begins. These Resolutions of the House are accorded the force of law—a fact which strikingly emphasizes the predominance of the Commons in matters of finance. Although the new taxes have not themselves been adopted by the House of Commons or authorized by statute or even discussed in the Lords, yet their collection is permitted on the strength of the Resolutions. Mr. Lloyd George introduced his Budget on April 29th. On the following morning his imposts began to be levied on spirits, tobacco, incomes, estates, and so on, and they are being levied at this moment. Millions upon millions of pounds have thus passed into the Exchequer within the last six months on the presumption that the Resolutions possess the validity of law—a presumption which in its turn rests on the presumption that the Finance Bill will become law. But what if the Finance Bill does not become law? What is then the status of the Resolutions? Would not every penny collected by the authorities have been illegally collected? Would not every taxpayer have a right to recover from the Government the amount he has paid during the past six months? Such are a few of the practical problems involved in the fate of the Budget at the hands of the House of Lords.

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ATHENS, *November, 1909.*

THE Greek race, which is among the most gifted of the globe, is also the most unfortunate. The individual Greek, sober, hard-working, good-natured, almost always wins the day in the struggle for existence, while the nation, whimsical as a woman, unreasonable as a child, lacks the political, military and naval equipment for holding its own under the new conditions. And it will soon have to bear the painful consequences. Indeed, some of them have begun to make themselves felt already, and it is doubtful whether anything now feasible can shield it from the worst. Forty-six years ago when George I grasped the sceptre the future of the race was in his hands, and a twofold task was set him worthy to tempt the most generous ambition—the political training of his subjects and the fusion into one Empire of the six million Greeks now scattered over Asia Minor. But King George, like the nobleman's servant in the Gospel, hid his talent in a napkin. Whether it was in him to accomplish the feat, had he tried earnestly, there is now no means of knowing. What is certain is that the King is endowed with more than average powers, and in mental structure and capacity is not inferior either to King Charles of Roumania or to the late Prince Alexander of Battenberg. Yet the sovereign of the former country may be truly said to have regenerated his subjects, so wonderfully have they developed from a horde of semi-barbarians into a progressive nation under his wise rule.

To blame King George and him alone for this disastrous failure would be a gross injustice. The prostration of Greece is the inevitable effect of many causes, of which his attitude was certainly one. But it is commonly believed to have been the decisive one Those who know the King best assert what facts would appear to confirm, that he is firmly opposed to the maintenance of a formidable army and navy, that he relies upon the great Powers for results which Bulgaria and Roumania win by dint of military superiority, and that he implicitly carried out the alleged behests of Russia and Great Britain to eschew close relations with the other Balkan states. If this be, indeed, a fair presentment of the King's policy there is something to be said in support of it—theoretically. But in practice it has broken down. The fortunes of the Greek race were never at a lower ebb. Even Crete has been snatched away by Young Turkey.

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The language recently used by the Porte in its communications with King George's Government was not merely haughty, it was insulting. The biggest schoolboy in the class might address such language to the newcomer with whom he was minded to pick a quarrel. And Greece, without army, navy or helpful friends among the Powers, had to bend her neck low, comply with Turkey's demands and smile sweetly the while.

Those two events—the loss of Crete and the insulting notes of the Porte—came to the army as a dire revelation. Greece resembled Lazarus at the rich man's door, but without any hope of ever reaching Abraham's bosom. Theretofore the officers, like the rest of the nation, had been living in a visionary world where, if there were storm clouds and rain showers, it was only in order that the frequent sunshine might be all the more enjoyable. True, there had been an ominous revelation long before. The war of 1897 which King George materially contributed to bring on in the delusion that Russia and Great Britain would veto hostilities in the nick of time had culminated in disaster. The army which had marched only for show had fled before the Turks like a flock of sheep. The royal princes had been sent to the front on the understanding that they were not to be exposed to danger, and the elaborate precautions taken to keep them out of harm's way in Thessaly had thwarted the strategic plans of Smolensky and others. Athwart these symptoms a statesman would have descried the writing on the wall. But the Greeks are not far-seeing, have short memories and live on roseate hopes. When disaster was upon them, they formed strong resolutions to reorganize the army, to make it an efficient weapon of defence, and to eliminate from its direction the princes whose qualities were decidedly not martial. But a few years later the nation had forgotten its misfortunes and the responsible politicians were chanting not the *Dies iræ dies illa,* but *Ca ira.* The most typical man of this class, M. Theotokis, the personification of graceful indolence and inane eloquence, blithely undertook to inaugurate a new era of prosperity by substituting for army reform the creation of the post of commander-in-chief of the forces and conferring it upon the unwarlike young Crown Prince.

If the foregoing errors of Greek Cabinets were mischievous, this blunder of M. Theotokis was fatal. For it rendered the state helpless at the critical moment of all others in its history

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when it ought to have been strong in will, fixed in aim and ready to incur heavy risks for vital interests and secular aspirations. The island of Crete, often promised to Greece by the Powers, came well within her grasp during this period of collapse, but she lacked the strength to take a firm grip and it dropped from her nerveless fingers. Powerful neighbors rose up around her, waxing in strength, growing in extent and setting themselves aims which ran directly counter to hers. Turkey obtained a new lease of power; Roumania established claims to recompense which will one day be honored; Bulgaria gathered strength enough to stand forth as a candidate for the hegemony of the Balkans. But Greece remains prostrate. And she has so little chance of ever recovering the lost ground that King George's contention—that an army is a needless luxury—from the political heresy which it was some years ago is become a self-evident axiom to-day.

None of these national and racial reverses caused their authors a moment's misgiving. M. Theotokis's notion of the duties of a Greek Minister of Foreign Affairs was akin to his royal master's ideal of a Greek army. The King held that the Powers who had created the Hellenic State would also protect it. His favorite Prime Minister maintained that England and Russia should dictate Greece's foreign policy while King George should appoint her diplomatists,* one of whom is known as his *âme damnée*. And that summary programme was conscientiously carried out during the period of Theotokist quiescence at the cost of heavy sacrifices, ethical as well as patriotic. A few years ago, for example, King George broke faith with King Charles of Roumania and precipitated a costly quarrel which is still acute. The Austrian Government, desirous of bringing about a closer agreement between the two states, had arranged for the two monarchs to meet at Abbazia. They accordingly came together and struck an agreement which was distasteful to Russia and might have become unpleasant for Bulgaria. But King George, in deference to the Tsar's Government, declined to carry it out, and the result was a serious rupture between the two states which has not yet been healed.

Meanwhile the Crown Prince played havoc with the army.

* On one occasion the King induced a brother sovereign to interfere with the appointment of Hellenic diplomatists under circumstances which throw an unpleasant light on the transaction.

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The new post of commander-in-chief carried with it the powers of a dictator and the King's heir used them to the fullest. The young Prince, and he alone, was competent to promote officers or pass them over without check or question. And he made it clear from the first that personal like or dislike was the sole standard he would acknowledge. The Cabinet was nominally responsible for the efficacy of the troops, which an impetuous and irresponsible young man had it in his power to reduce to a state of disorganization and mutiny by arbitrary and unjust measures. And Prince Constantine's acts were superlatively arbitrary and unjust. The very best officers, including Smolensky, Tsorbas and Konstantinidi, were decently or indecently buried. Boon companions of the pleasure-hunting princes were promoted over their heads for accomplishments which needed orgies, not military manœuvres, as their proper setting. Money was spent for everything but the nation's defences. When Prince George went out in his private yacht for his private pleasure, it was coaled at the nation's expense.

This undoing of the nation is set currently down as the handiwork of M. Theotokis, the Crown Prince and the King. And none of the three seems to have been upset by it. On the contrary, the Prime Minister must have looked upon it as a title to admiration when he exclaimed that the Chamber was no place for any deputy who fancied that the country could be governed otherwise than he had been governing it.

The army alone was stirred to its depths. Some officers were moved by purely personal aims, others by purely patriotic motives, and a third contingent by a mixture of both. The chiefs met in secret conclave, formed a military league and resolved to be no longer a silent party to their country's shame. They would ask the Chamber to employ the machinery of the Constitution, first to sweep away the obstacles to reform, then to reorganize the land and sea defences and finally to abandon once for all the ruinous game of parliamentary shuttlecock and conduct the affairs of state for the welfare of the nation and not in the interests of a party. Before this programme had been formulated M. Theotokis, fearing the anger of the masses, resigned his place to M. Rhallis, from whom I received the whole story.

One of the Opposition leaders in the Chamber, M. Mavromichalis, had long advocated a series of measures which was

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well-nigh identical with the officers' programme. And to him the King now appealed to form a Cabinet and to parley with the military mutineers. M. Mavromichalis, from whose lips I have received this part of the narrative, undertook the task with the alacrity of a patriot, but with the misgivings of a man whose sight is sharp enough to reveal to him the difficulties with which it bristled. Happily the chief of the Officers' League, Colonel Tsorbas, is a most moderate officer. It was he who had been passed over for eight years by the Crown Prince, while youthful carpet knights with downy cheeks who took virtue by storm and gained promotion by favor were being pitchforked over his head. It was he, too, whom M. Rhallis counselled the King to summon as head of the Government, but the sovereign shrank from the suggestion in horror on the ground that Colonel Tsorbas, to be revenged on the crown, might take it into his head to imprison the King and the royal princes. "Had any less level-headed man than Colonel Tsorbas been at the head of the league," M. Mavromichalis recently said to me, "the negotiations would have broken down and the last effort to restrict the revolution within constitutional bounds would have been a failure. Colonel Tsorbas has merited well of the country." So, too, did the present premier, M. Mavromichalis, who passed through an agonizing ordeal before he had struck up an understanding between himself and the Military League which the crown was willing to accept. The main terms on which the three parties finally agreed were an anmesty for the mutineers, the abolition of the post of commander-in-chief of the forces and of the general staff, and the exclusion of the royal princes from the army.

There was one other condition laid down by the league which to an outsider appears ungenerous as well as impolitic. It was to the effect that the five officers who, having held aloof from the mutineers, remained faithful to the King and risked their lives for him should be indicted for these "offences" and dismissed from the army. In reality they were heroes. The risk they incurred was described to me by the chief of the league, Colonel Tsorbas himself, who twice saved them from death. "I was in the camp outside the city when Colonel Metaxas came. We were all highly excited, as men may well be who are playing *va banque* not only for their lives, but for the life of the nation. And this officer was come out to undo our work just when success

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was about to crown it. He called upon his soldiers to quit us and go back with him. What happened then is hard to describe. There was a wild scene of confusion in which bayonets, daggers and butt-ends of rifles menaced his life. I ran forward and hugged him tight. I was helped by some comrades who surrounded him, and we got him off to a place of safety. After this a proposal was made to send him before a field court martial. Had this been done, he would have been sentenced to death. I again interposed, and I finally carried my point and had him sent for trial before a military council which did not meet until passion was no longer at white-heat. His sentence has been only dismissal from the army. And even from this he may appeal later on." This plea is undoubtedly strong, though it leaves one point unanswered: Why did the league obtain an amnesty for its own members while depriving the five officers who had taken the King's part of the benefit of it? To this query there is a tentative reply. Hitherto in Greece nothing, it is urged, has ever been taken seriously. There is no hell or heaven, no angel or devil, no inexplicable sin. Political life has been a battle of shadows as in Walhalla. If, therefore, the league were to dissolve to-day the old order of things would revive to-morrow. And the officers are bent on remedying this fatal deficiency.

The officers' part in all this hardly calls for justification. But the part played by the King in this matter of the faithful officers cannot be disposed of so easily. It has provoked heated discussions and called forth scathing comments. At first he refused to ratify the sentence of expulsion from the army passed upon the officers Metaxas and Kalinsky. For their sole "offence" was an act which every officer ought to commit and every monarch ought to reward. Later on his Majesty yielded to the insistence of the league and affixed his signature to the decree. It is no exaggeration to say that no such humiliation has been inflicted upon any monarch in modern times. Even Abdul Hamid, after his absolute power was broken, was not subjected to such a crushing ordeal.

NOTE.—Since the despatch of this letter an abortive naval mutiny took place at Salamis. Naval Lieutenant Typaldos was chosen as the head of a secret association of junior officers in the navy. At the head of some 300 officers and sailors the flotilla of destroyers raised the flag of revolt, seized the arsenal in Salamis and engaged the battleship "Hydra." They were soon overpowered by the latter, aided by artillery from the mainland opposite, and the arsenal was speedily recovered.—EDITOR.

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